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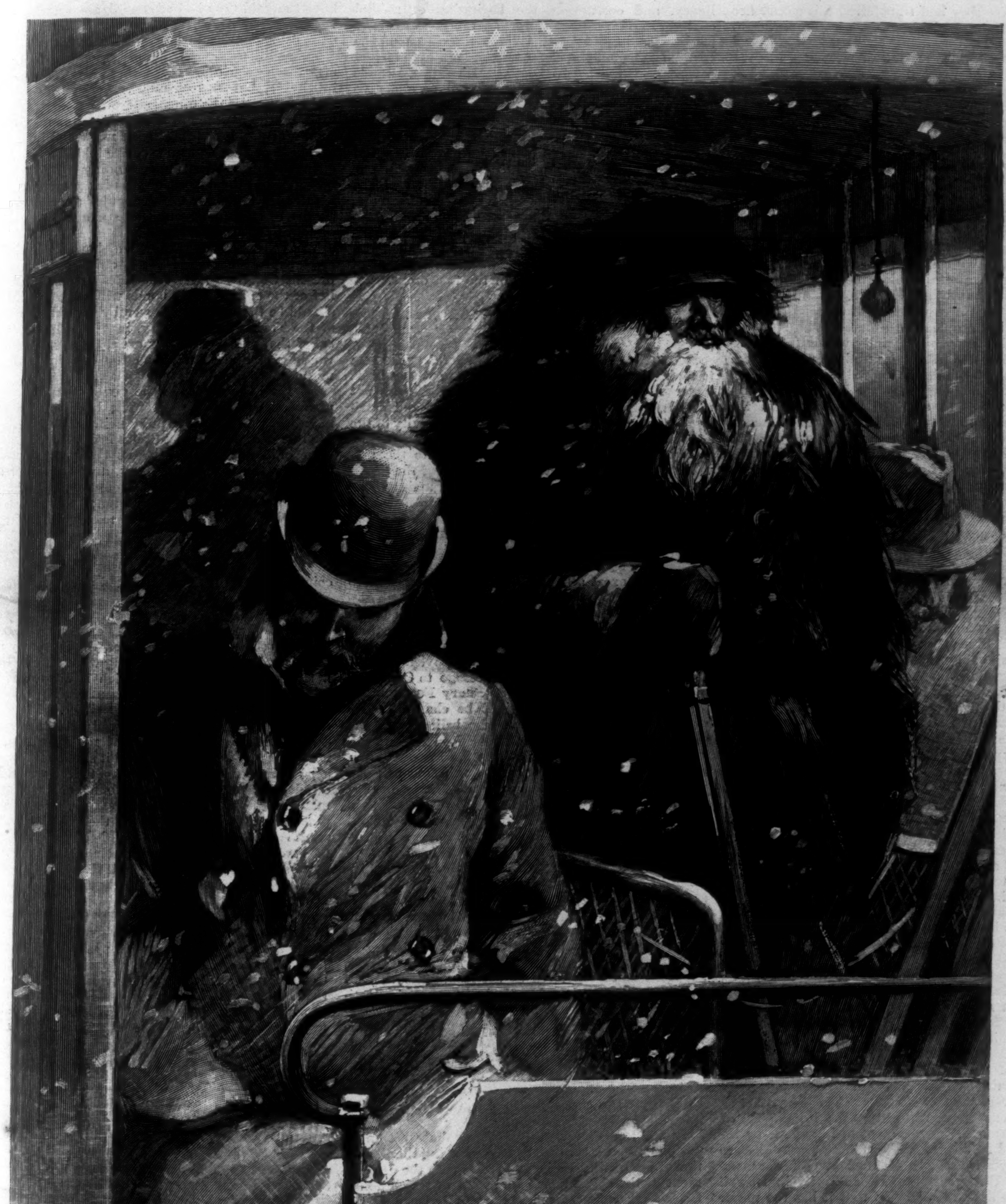

THE GRIPMAN—CHICAGO CABLE-CARS.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 178.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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THE HAWAIIAN BUSINESS.

If the Republican party takes advantage of the last days of its power to effect the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States, it will commit an act utterly inconsistent with the true spirit of democratic government. On the 8th of November last the American people declared by an overwhelming majority of their votes that they had withdrawn their confidence from President Harrison and his party, and that they had transferred this confidence to Mr. Cleveland and his party, who, according to the popular will legally manifested, are to be intrusted with the conduct of the government. This was the plain meaning of the last national election. Mr. Harrison and his party cannot now do a thing which would—as the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands certainly would—change the traditional policy of the republic in a most important point, which would, when once accomplished, be irrevocable and irremediable, and which is believed not to be in accordance with the views of the incoming Executive, without rendering themselves guilty of an act of virtual usurpation. It will not serve as an excuse to say that there are prominent Democrats in Congress who favor this act; for it must be remembered that in matters requiring negotiation with foreign powers or nations the Executive has an essentially leading part to perform, and that to forestall the action of the incoming Executive, and thus to force its hand, is to take from it a power which the people have declared it shall possess. This usurpation appears especially unjustifiable considering the nature of the measure in contemplation.

This republic has indeed acquired foreign territory in the past, but only territory contiguous to its borders, which might be expected to be filled in the course of time with a population more or less homogeneous in character, interests, and aspirations with our own, and presently to be incorporated with our political system, to be formed into States governing themselves as to their home concerns, and to take part in the government of the whole republic according to our common national Constitution. The Hawaiian Islands are about two thousand miles distant from our western coast. Their population consisted in 1890 of 34,436 natives, 6186 half-castes, 7495 born in Hawaii of foreign parents, 15,301 Chinese, 12,360 Japanese, 8602 Portuguese, 1928 Americans, 1344 British, 1034 Germans, 227 Norwegians, 70 French, 588 Polynesians, and 419 other foreigners—in all, 89,990 souls. Since then the foreign population has been increasing, but most of the immigrants have been Chinese and Japanese. The climate and the products of the country are those of the tropics. The character of the population, whatever further mixture may take place, will always be such as is developed under the influence of the tropical sun, that is, as universal experience has shown, a character uncongenial to the sober, orderly working of free institutions. It will always be colonial; that is to say, Hawaii would always be more a dependency than an integral part of the United States, with interests peculiar to itself, bound to this republic only by the protection against foreign aggression and by the advantages of a commercial union with this country, but, owing to its situation, always a field of intrigue for foreign influences.

The manner in which the recent revolution in Hawaii was brought about is significant. Let it be granted that Queen Liliuokalani is a very improper person to sit on a throne, and that her attempt to impose a new constitution upon her people was very objectionable. But the movement that overthrew her was not a popular movement. It was a movement set on foot by a handful of American residents, encouraged, if not instigated, by the American minister, and supported by the armed forces of an American man-of-war. In other words, a foreign influence upset the existing government, and put in its place a government of its own, whose constituency is only a very small minority of the inhabitants of Hawaii. And this government of intruders, by intruders, and for intruders, born of a successful *coup de main*, offers us the Hawaiian Islands for annexation to the United States. Its authority in Hawaii is owing to the general belief that it has the power of the United States at its back. Its credit in the United States is owing to the fact that its authority in Hawaii seems to be generally submitted to. Of the true feelings of the large majority of the Hawaiian people we know very little. And the annexation of Hawaii to the United States is to be effected, as far as our government is concerned, before we know more. The formal assent by vote of the Hawaiian people to their incorporation in the United States as a condition precedent to annexation does not seem to be thought of. The thing is to be done here as quickly as it was done there, without sober examination of the nature of the act and its consequences, by mere "snap."

To stimulate our greed we are told that unless we take Hawaii, England will take it. Nothing could be more absurd. Our very refusal to take it will immensely strengthen our moral authority in objecting to anybody else's taking it. We are told that our possession of Hawaii would give us great commercial advantages. Granted. But can we not secure those commercial advantages by some other arrangement than the annexation of a distant land and a mongrel people, which, such as they are, nobody thinks of receiving into the Union as a self-governing State, equal to the other States; which, as a far-away dependency, would have to be ruled by a proconsul—a strange and dangerous anomaly in our political system, an inexhaustible source of tyranny, profligacy, and corruption, the beginning of radical changes in our free institutions? Would not this be paying too high a price for the possession of the islands? Cannot the commercial advantages be had cheaper? We are told that the Hawaiian Islands would be a splendid station for our navy, and give it great facilities in those important waters. Granted. But is it not worth while to consider that if we get such outlying posts for our navy, we must build a navy large enough to protect the outlying posts? and that, while we are unassailably strong in our continental home, every far-away possession will be a vulnerable point, an element of weakness?

These are important questions. But no time is to be given for their mature consideration to the American people by an administration which they have recently condemned by an emphatic vote of want of confidence. It is an outrage of the first order.

THE TREASURY AND THE SILVER QUESTION.

Notwithstanding the effort of Secretary Foster to maintain a cheerful air, it is apparent that he is disturbed over the departure of gold. He has not met the difficulty, however, in a sincere and patriotic manner. He has not risen to the gravity of the situation.

The only effective remedy applicable to the prevailing monetary disorder is the repeal of the Sherman act. The insistence of Congress in maintaining this law on the statute-book has led the sensitive money centres to fear that the United States is to become a silver country before sound financial ideas again prevail. In such an emergency it becomes the duty of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury to exert all their powers of persuasion to induce Congress to change its mind. Enough Republican Senators and Representatives who are anti-silver men voted against repeal for purely partisan reasons to have made a majority for repeal if they had voted in accordance with their convictions. If the President should send a message to Congress, accompanied by a report of Secretary Foster, it is possible that these votes might be changed. He would be a reckless partisan who, believing in the iniquity of the Sherman act, realizing the impending danger, and with public attention focussed upon him by a President's message, would nevertheless vote against repeal for the purpose of embarrassing the incoming administration.

The President and the Secretary have not exerted all their influence with Congress to procure the repeal of the law. The administration is content to adopt a temporary expedient, and Mr. Foster indicates his purpose to avoid, if possible, any decided action, and to throw responsibility upon his successor. Two alternatives presented themselves to him. He might mass the gold resources of the country by borrowing from the banks, or he might add to them by selling bonds under a power which is supposed to be conferred by the resumption act, but which Mr. Sherman evidently believes requires ratification by Congress. It is understood that the President strenuously objects to the issue of bonds, for the reason that such action would discredit his administration. Mr. Foster has his own reasons, also, for avoiding the bond issue, and has therefore called upon his friends among the city banks to advance enough gold to carry him to the 4th of March with his $100,000,000 reserve intact.

In doing this Mr. Foster is doing that which must postpone repeal, because he is preventing the realization of the truth. He is interfering with the development of the object-lesson by means of which honest free-coinage advocates must eventually learn the full meaning and direful effects of their policy. In one breath he tells the free-coinage men that the continued increase of silver coins and silver certificates will lead to the hoarding of gold, and in the next breath he asks the city banks to prove that his statement is false by parting with their gold to the Treasury. The free-coinage men, seeing this, are convinced that the banks are simply crying "wolf" when they express the fear that gold is going to a premium, because they know that the banks would not part with property on which in the end they would make a profit if they should hold it.

The difficulty with their reasoning is that it is based on insufficient information. The banks are not parting with their gold. They are merely pretending to exchange it for greenbacks. In reality they are simply depositing it in the Sub-Treasury, with the understanding that it will be returned in kind whenever they demand it. There is no law for this kind of deposit, but Treasury officers always stretch the law in a financial emergency. The city banks have $80,000,000 in gold, and at the end of the first week during which this experiment was tried $6,000,000 had been advanced to the Treasury. The understanding between the Secretary and the banks was that when the borrowed and the free gold was exhausted, and no gold remained in the Treasury except the reserve, bonds should be sold. The banks would make a profit on the bonds, and would also have the gold they had advanced, and on which they will make whatever premium results from the ultimate depreciation of silver.

This shift to tide the administration over the remaining weeks of its term not only postpones the inevitable, but fosters and increases uncertainty, and encourages the opponents of repeal to persist in their hostile attitude to the business interests of the community. It is probably as weak and ineffective a course as the Treasury could take, besides being disingenuous, for the understanding with the banks is secret, and the deposit of gold in the Sub-Treasury is intended to appear to the country as a genuine exchange of gold for greenbacks, and a real acquisition of coin by the Treasury.

The other remedy, the sale of bonds, would be a most expensive device. It is quite probable, if the present Congress finally declines to come to the relief of the country, that bonds will be issued, if there should be the necessary power, by the next Secretary of the Treasury. Probably, in view of the general belief that the power does exist, the next Secretary would give himself the benefit of any doubt that he might entertain.

By the issue of bonds the government would replenish its stock of gold. The bonds would command a premium, for happily neither the wealth nor the honor of the United States is doubted. But the issue of bonds would give us the most expensive currency the world ever knew, and would not save the business interests of the country from the evil effects of a depreciated currency. The issue of bonds would not necessarily check the flow of gold; it would simply enable the Treasury to meet the demand. The policy of buying silver and increasing the amount of currency with silver certificates and coins must eventually drive gold out of circulation. What does not go abroad will go into hiding at home, and will command a premium. Owing to the depletion of the Treasury by the extravagance of the last and the present Congresses, the Secretary must use his borrowed gold for paying what may be called his floating indebtedness—which is large, Mr. Foster having suspended the payment of a large amount of obligations—and for buying silver. At current rates the government has already lost more than $80,000,000 on its purchases of silver bullion, and its loss would be still greater if it should throw such a large amount on the market. Silver would keep on depreciating, and the amount of the government's loss would go on increasing. To this loss must be added the interest on the gold bonds, and, what is vastly more important, the disaster and ruin that would follow from a depreciated currency.

In such an emergency as that which is upon us, the bold way is usually the best way. The true remedy is the radical remedy. The only thorough way to ward off disaster is by the repeal of the Sherman act, and it is to be regretted that the outgoing administration does not prefer the patriotic to the selfish course; does not address itself to ending the difficulty at the beginning, and saving the country from certain waste and possible disaster, instead of seeking temporary makeshifts that will enable it to cast its burdens upon the incoming President and his Secretary of the Treasury.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Several weeks ago we called attention to the fact that there were two bills pending in Congress that were a direct menace to the National Park, which is popularly known as the Yellowstone Park. One bill seeks to change the boundaries of the Park, and to give the right of way for a railroad through a part of the Park, and the other only gives the railway right of way. The proposed railroad is for the benefit of Cooke City—an insignificant mining camp on the borders of the Park. There are active men at Washington urging the passage of one bill or the other, and the danger now to be feared is that in the hurry of the last days of the session a bill may be rushed through and become a law, despite the protests of the people who are not interested in Cooke City property. We have been favored since our previous article with two letters from friends of the Park upon this subject of changing the boundaries and giving a railroad right of way. An esteemed correspondent in Boston says:

> "If any large proportion of citizens had visited the Park, any proposed raids thereon would be quickly and summarily squelched; but the people neither realize what a priceless gem they own, nor how great is the danger of having it spoilt. . . . . Why the Park was laid out in rectangular form is a mystery; and what is now imperatively needed is not a curtailment of the area, but a material enlargement so as to include the mountains on the east, south, and west, making a well-defined natural boundary in place of the present ridiculous straight line running up and down hill regardless of all natural features. If the game is to be preserved, something of this kind must be done. If parties are still allowed to traverse any part of the Park at pleasure, the game will in any event be driven away and exterminated."

This correspondent further says that the men employed by the government to protect game are notoriously incompetent. Another correspondent, an army officer, who has had exceptional advantages to observe the Park and study the question of its preservation, takes issue with the correspondent quoted both as to the boundaries and as to the efficiency of the guards. He says:

> "The advantage of a 'natural' boundary over an artificial one is, in my opinion, purely chimerical. The advantage is all the other way. A natural boundary, 'to include the mountains,' means one that follows the course of streams or valleys. But this at once permits poachers to dwell on the borders of the Park, which, with the present boundary 'running up and down hill,' over lofty mountain ranges, is practically impossible."

This correspondent is sure that under the present administration the guards are entirely competent, but he thinks that the administration of the Park should be transferred to the War Department. And it may be that he is right in this as the Interior Department is at present organized. The officers of the army have a sure tenure of office, and they can be depended upon to do their duty in all emergencies without fear and without favor. If a like tenure of office were extended to the other departments, the officers of them could be depended upon for just as efficient work as is now expected from army officers; and there is no reason why, by the extension and enforcement of the civil service law, we should not have as good men in the other departments as those at present in the army and navy. These two services do not by any means exhaust the efficient men of the country. There are plenty to fill all the other offices, and so soon as the tenure of office shall be made certain, these offices will be filled by such men. Then we shall not hear, whenever there is difficult or delicate work to do, suggestions that it be done by the War or Navy Department. But there is one thing about which there seems to be no doubt, and that is that both of the bills now before Congress are attacks on the National Park, and neither should become a law. The friends of the Park in Congress should keep a sharp lookout that neither of the bills is rushed through at the last moment, or at any other time; and the friends of the Park in private life should remind their Congressmen that this Park is the property of the whole people, and should not be encroached upon for the benefit of private speculators and their selfish plans.

INTERESTING SUIT FOR DAMAGES.

After all, the most obvious function of the courts is the one of least value. Though it would doubtless be advisable to continue them simply for what they do in the way of administering justice, nevertheless their greatest use is in bringing into general public notice occurrences of value which would otherwise not be heard of beyond the neighborhood where they take place. This was admirably illustrated recently in the **Weekly** when it gave an account of the case of **Drinkwater** *vs.* **Campbell**, an interesting and diverting instance of a collision between two holes which never would have obtained public notice had it not been taken into the law courts. Again we find the same thing in the case of **Millikan** *vs.* **Eames**, a suit for damages brought in a local court of Running Water, Kansas.

It appears that the defendant, Mr. **Eames**, has a farm near Running Water which is largely devoted to stock-raising. The plaintiff, **Millikan**, some two or three weeks ago, came along the road from the direction of Big Grasshopper with his earthly possessions tied up in a bandanna handkerchief and hung over his shoulder on a lath, and asked Mr. **Eames** for work. **Eames** looked him over, saw that he did not carry a watch, or have other outward indications of the dude, and hired him for the season at twenty dollars a month. Then, after some general instructions about the work, **Eames** drove to Running Water to get the mail, where, being an enthusiastic Populist, he staid till evening and denounced the government.

It appears further that **Eames** is a bit of an experimenter, and that early in the winter he bought a buffalo cow from "Buffalo" **Jones**, of Goodnight, the same man from whom **Austin Corbin** and others got their bisons. We ought, for the benefit of the ordinary reader, to say right here, in regard to the American buffalo, that though it gives brilliant promise of becoming a valuable domestic animal, up to date the cow of the species has not been milked by the weak and, as we may say, flimsy hand of man. We are assured by those who ought to know that a man might as well try to shoe an ox without the usual heavy frame-work and tackle as to attempt to milk a buffalo cow; and as to shoeing an ox without apparatus, a Vermont blacksmith has already said in print that a man "might as well lie down on his stomach and try to hold an earthquake still." But of all this it seems the guileless **Millikan**, late of Big Grasshopper, was as innocent as a babe.

When milking-time came **Millikan** put on a pair of overalls, took two tin pails, and proceeded to the barn. He milked two or three ordinary and, as we may call them, still cows, and then approached the sparkling and effervescent buffalo. She was confined in a box-stall, and he says that as he approached her he noticed that she was "mighty high-shouldered in front, and seemed to be wearing a buffalo-robe on herself," but he "didn't think nothing much about it." He casually remarked "So, bossy!" a couple of times, with the laudable purpose of opening an era of good feeling, sat down on his stool, adjusted the pail, and boldly struck out to extract the lacteal fluid. "Along about now," as the ancient almanac writers would have put it, this absurd buffalo cow kicked. Indeed, that the reader may know the very worst without further delay, we will say that she kicked several times. The first or forward half of the first kick sent the pail against the manger, where it shut together like an accordion. The second or return half of the same kick caused **Millikan** to smite the side of the barn; and this not being very strong, he went through, leaving a large, irregular hole. Subsequent kicks broke the stall into pieces and demolished the manger, after which the intelligent beast jumped up and down stiff-legged till she had smashed down the plank floor and stood on the ground amid the general wreck. When, in ten minutes, **Millikan** recovered consciousness, he hobbled to the house and remarked to the hired girl that "that there brindle' heifer didn't seem to be used to having strangers milk her." When the girl explained the true state of affairs to him, he forgot his hurt, and rose up and walked to Running Water, where he engaged the best lawyer in town to begin suit for heavy damages.

The plea which **Millikan** will put forward is that **Eames** was guilty of criminal negligence in not warning him of the danger in attempting to milk a buffalo cow. **Eames** will set up the claim that any man with common-sense would know better without being told. We fear that about all we can say is that much may be said on both sides. The question seems to be, should **Millikan** have recognized that she was a buffalo, and is the buffalo's prejudice against being milked generally known? We presume that if **Eames** had had, let us say, a giraffe confined in his barn, any court would have held that **Millikan** should have seen that it was not a domestic cow and have kept away from it. But a buffalo is not so greatly dissimilar to a common cow, and the court at Running Water may decide for the plaintiff. One point, however, seems clear: **Eames** will put in a counter claim for damages, based on the hole in the barn where **Millikan** went through. This claim ought not to be allowed.

THINGS·TALKED·OF

Of the names of his cabinet officers which Mr. Cleveland, with characteristic frankness, has announced, that of Judge Walter Q. Gresham excites the widest interest and the most comment. His selection is said by some of Mr. Cleveland's supporters to be a "political mistake." We do not see why. It is true that Judge Gresham has not, until last year, acted with the Democratic party, but he is precisely on that account a highly representative man. He voted last year as did a very large number of citizens who had before acted with the Republican party, because the aims of that party did not command his approval. What better politics can there be for an Executive than to call as an adviser an able and upright man, universally respected by all parties and in all sections, whose views are those of the large body of former opponents who have placed the administration in power? Mr. Cleveland does not offer the State Department to Judge Gresham as a reward for past services, or the price of future services, or as the recognition of party fealty. He calls him to "public office as a public trust," on the same terms that he holds his own, and there is every reason to believe that Judge Gresham will be adequate to his trust. The feeling among Democrats of the old school is natural that one of their number should have had the honor. We are confident that they will be reconciled to the choice Mr. Cleveland has made from motives higher and more fruitful than their own. To the President-elect happily his party is an organization for the accomplishment of certain objects of great and lasting value, to which Judge Gresham can reasonably be expected to bring substantial aid. His appointment to the State Department, like every other, is, in some degree, an experiment. But it is one Mr. Cleveland was amply justified in making, and all good citizens will not only rejoice in its success, but do all in their power to make it successful.

The speech of Mr. Gladstone on introducing the bill for home rule in Ireland, on February 13th, is regarded by friends and opponents alike as a very wonderful feat for a man of his age. It is plain not only that the reasoning powers of the old statesman are as strong as ever, but that the grasp of memory on recent and detailed events and facts —a faculty much more liable to decay—is as close as in his prime. To this add the vivacity of the man, the lightness with which he can turn aside a serious attack, and the skill with which he counters on an adversary in debate, and Mr. Gladstone presents the most marvellous figure in the history of English politics, rich as is that history in potent and aged statesmen. But the most remarkable feature of his address was the candor with which he stated the difficulties involved in Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament. This is in reality the crux of the problem, for, in plain English, the Irish votes in Parliament are likely to be at the disposition of any party that bids highest in the direction of favors to Ireland. This difficulty Mr. Gladstone hardly seems to think that he can wholly overcome, and he intimates that he is more hopeful than are his colleagues in the ministry. He proposes to get around it by reducing the number of Irish members, and by limiting their vote to matters wholly Imperial or directly Irish. But whether he can carry the country for this particular measure or not, and it is still very doubtful, it is plain that the outcome must be greater freedom and self-control for Ireland, if for no other reason, because Ireland holds the key to English politics, and no party can be long secure in power without its aid, for which must be paid the Irish price.

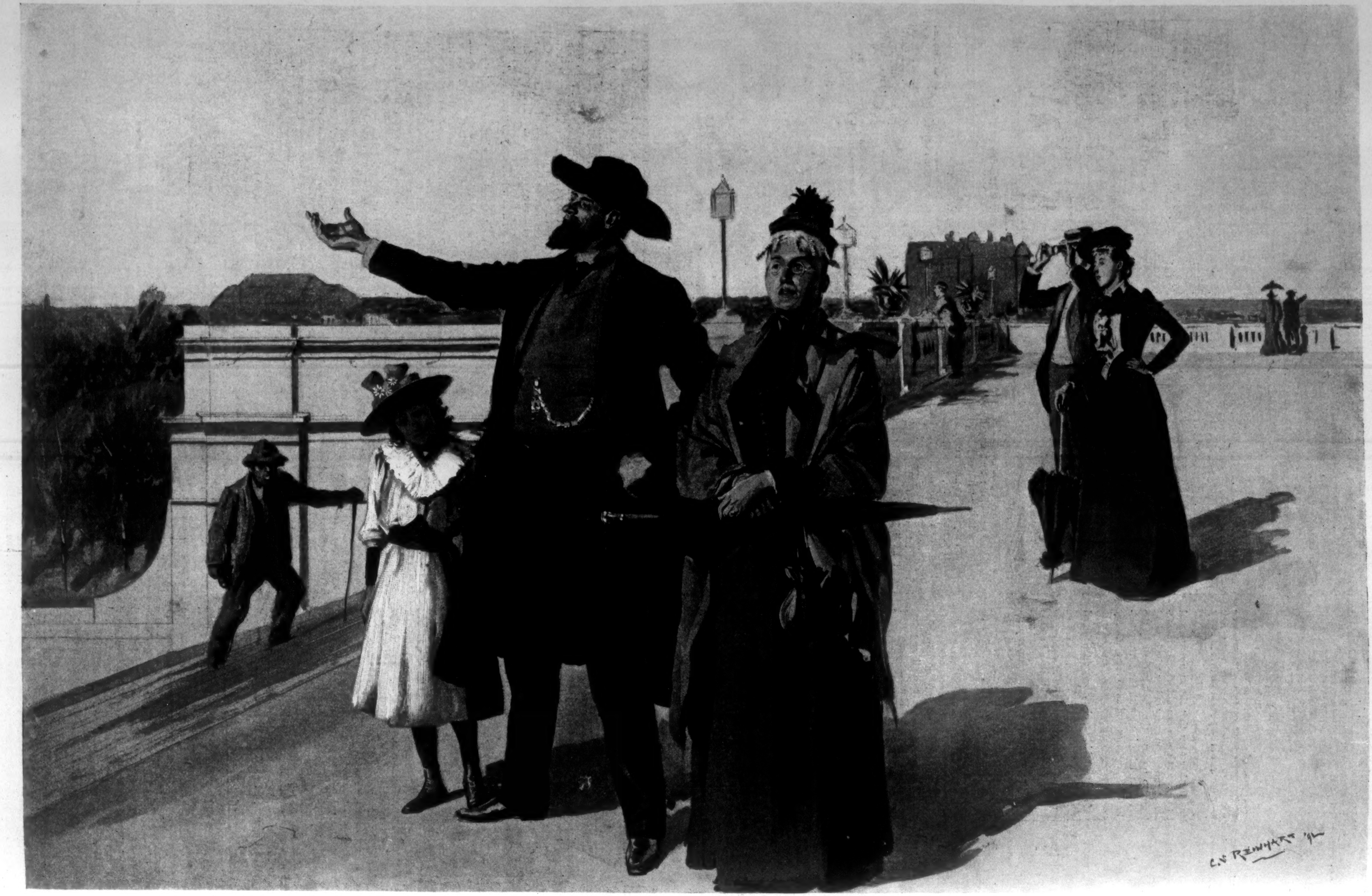
The worst specimen of government socialism in the recent history of the United States is the so-called anti-option bill, which has passed both branches of Congress, and now awaits action in the House on the amendments of the Senate. In substance it imposes prohibitory taxes on "options" and "futures" in cotton, grain, and the products of the hog. It is well known that the use of these two forms of business contract prevails on all the cotton, grain, and produce exchanges of all the great commercial nations of the world. Their sole purpose, and that which makes them practicable, is to diminish unnecessary risk in the fluctuation of prices. By this operation the vast crops of not only this country, but of the world, are brought into consumption with a degree of steadiness and certainty absolutely requisite to the safe conduct of the business. It has been estimated, and the estimate is reasonable, that $136,000,000 is constantly invested in this form of contract. The anti-option bill is mainly the work of Senator Washburn, who wishes it believed that he represents the interest of farmers. He is an owner of very extensive flour-mills. The theory of the bill is that if the wicked speculators can be prevented from dealing in futures and options, the farmer will get a higher price for his products. The fact is that the bill, if it became a law, would, for the time being, restrict the market of the farmer to the various mills of which Mr. Washburn is one of the owners. Whether prices are made higher or more certain by compelling the seller to sell, within a limited time, to a small number of buyers is a question every man of sense ought to be able to answer. It is not surprising that Mr. Washburn should support such a bill, but why should it be supported by men like Senators Sherman, Morrill, and Cullom? The bill may yet fail. If it pass both Houses, Mr. Harrison may veto it, as he certainly ought. But if it get upon the statute book, it will produce such disturbance, such loss and trouble, that it cannot survive the next session of Congress.

At the annual meeting of the New York Kindergarten Association it was stated that there had been established at 395 Broome Street the "Curtis Kindergarten," under the charge of Miss Perkins. The name is given in honor of the late George William Curtis, by the proceeds of whose address on James Russell Lowell—the last delivered in the city where the orator was so beloved—the expenses of the kindergarten at the outset were provided. There is something exquisitely fitting in the title thus given. Mr. Curtis's address on Lowell was a powerful and charming argument from Lowell's life for the value of the pursuit of truth in its highest forms and on the broadest fields, an argument, indeed, of which the speaker's own life was a continuous and noble example. The essence of the kindergarten system is the development of the mind of the child that it may see the truth in all things, and use it intelligently. It is the training in the tender plant of the qualities of which the lives of Curtis and Lowell were the splendid and enduring flower. The Kindergarten Association is doing a work of great value, and it is a graceful tribute to Mr. Curtis that his name should be associated—modestly, as was his wont, and would have been his wish—with so beautiful and lasting a service.

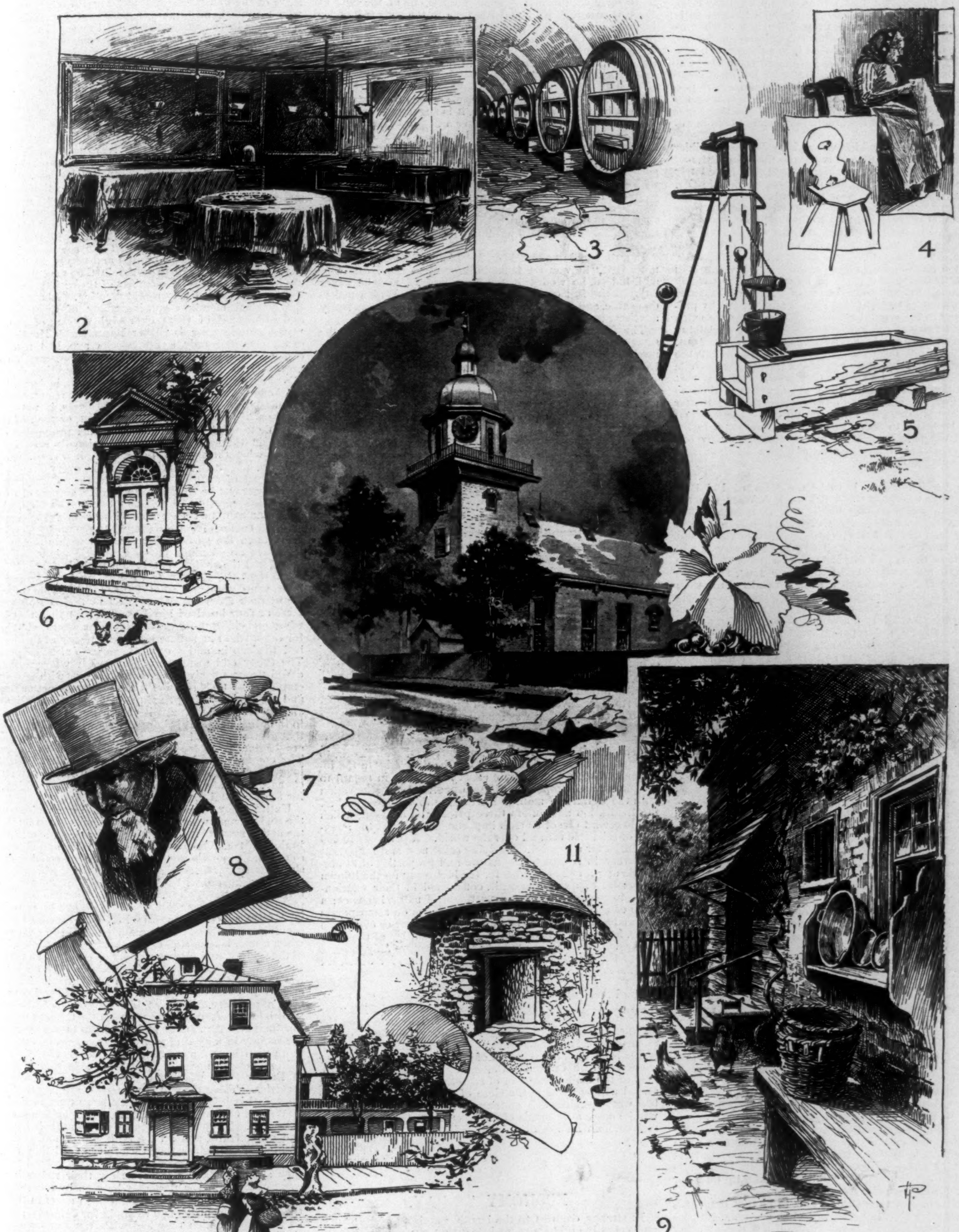
"This administration, like all the Republican administrations that have preceded it, has successfully solved every embarrassing problem that has been brought before it." This is the amazing statement made by Mr. Charles Foster, Secretary of the Treasury, on the evening of February 11th, at a banquet of the Republican Club. One embarrassing problem presented to the administration, with which Mr. Foster has officially but reluctantly been forced to deal, has been the maintenance of gold payments under the law of 1890. The solution of this he professes to regard as successful. But has it been so? Has there been any solution whatever? For the past two weeks the Secretary has been able to keep intact the redemption reserve only by the aid of certain New York banks, whose gold has been placed in the Treasury, only to rest there a few hours and then to take its way across the Atlantic, where it is preferred to American securities. Nor this alone. For two years now every claim on the Treasury that could possibly be deferred has been deferred, and the Secretary has been gravely considering how he could get creditors of the United States to take fractional coin. This is not financial statesmanship. It is the devious scheming of Wilkins Micawber, waiting for a new Secretary to "turn up."

The most amazing specimen of legislative rashness that has lately been presented to our people is the proposition by a committee of the Senate of New York to fix the price of anthracite coal in this State, and also the freight rates at which it shall be brought into the city of New York. The authority in the Constitution for such an act it would be hard to find without torture to that instrument. With that, however, the courts could be trusted to deal should it ever reach them. What it is worth while now to point out is the assumption that this extraordinary power could be lodged in safe hands. The men who could be chosen, by any method known to our system of government, for such a function, and who would be wise enough and honest enough to exercise it solely for the public good, are as rare as oranges in Alaska, and rarer. Oranges can be raised anywhere under glass, but is there any hot-house yet invented for the sure production of sages and saints combined? And if there were, have we the seed? Incidentally it is amusing to remark that the committee's chief argument is that if anthracite coal should become too costly, the city would be ruined by the smoke of bituminous coal. Suppose that the price be put so low that anthracite would not come in at all, would not the defiling smoke be made just as inevitable? But the most dangerous fallacy is involved in the assumption that "government control" is not control by such male human beings as could be got through elections—a fact that disposes of numerous Utopias.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* informs its readers that it has discovered that the article on Bucharest in the **Weekly** of February 4th is identical with one published by the *Globe-Democrat* in June last, and it adds, in a grieved tone, that we have given "no credit" therefor. As the article published in the **Weekly** was one of a series for which Harper & Brothers had secured the American rights by arrangement with the English publishers, what the *Globe-Democrat* deserves is not exactly credit. We knew of a prominent citizen in an inland town who missed an entirely new and costly umbrella, and finding it in the hands of a passer-by one rainy day, he claimed it, sustaining his claim by pointing to his name neatly embroidered on the silk. "My dear sir," said the tranquil purveyor of personal property, "I named that umbrella after you as a token of respect." And he plainly thought he was entitled not only to the umbrella, but to "credit."


C. S. REINHART '92

WASHINGTON—VISITORS ON THE TERRACE OF THE CAPITOL.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 177.]



THE OLD COMMUNISTIC TOWN OF ECONOMY, PENNSYLVANIA.—From Sketches by W. H. Bull.—[See Page 174.]

1. The Church. 2. Parlor in Rapp's House. 3. Wine-Cellar. 4. Two Old-Timers. 5. Economy's Water-Works. 6. A Doorway. 7. Economite Hat. 8. Jacob Henrici. 9. An Economite Dwelling. 10. The Hotel. 11. Grotto in Rapp's Garden.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THERE is a current newspaper story about an Ohio cow that gives black milk. It is an unlikely story on its face, but not so inherently impossible as the one from the East that alleges a desire on the part of the people of Boston to run electric street cars across their Common. It is much easier to believe that an Ohio cow would give black milk, or even rum punch, than that Boston should seriously meditate allowing her Common and the children thereon to be run over by the cars. Such a proposition is not what we have a right to expect of Boston. Of Chicago, or Seattle, or Duluth, or some other town that is in a desperate hurry, it might be credible, because those Western towns have to hurry, or else they get passed by. But with Boston it is different, or at least it ought to be. No rival threatens to pass her on her road. I cannot think of any reason why her citizens should be in such driving haste that the street cars may not continue to skirt the Common instead of crossing it.

J. L. & J. G. Gilder, which means Miss Jeannette Gilder and her brother Joseph, who founded the *Critic* in 1881, and have always been its editors, announce that they have lately acquired the controlling interest in it formerly held by Mr. Charles E. Merrill, and are now the owners, or at least the controlling owners, of their own paper. There are some journals which it is well known to be a superior felicity to edit than to own, but the *Critic* not being one of that sort, its editors are very much to be congratulated on their proprietorship. They say they will make it better than ever, and brighten its face with pictures, though "literature will continue to hold the first place in its columns," for which last assurance let the oppressed guild of writers give thanks. Great are pictures; so great that almost at any time, by putting your ear to the ground at the right place, you can catch the subdued moan of the journeymen of letters complaining that pictures are everywhere crowding the reading stuff out, and absorbing not only the most valuable space, but the bulk of the pay. It must be confessed, though, that people will often look at pictures when they won't read, and that sometimes they can be induced by alluring illustrations to pay attention to valuable and instructive reading matter that they would otherwise skip. So no doubt pictures and print can be made to work together for good even in the *Critic*, and the new proprietors can be trusted, if any one can, to see that the illustrations do not grow insubordinate or get too manifestly on top.

Mr. Maurice Thompson is to be the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poet this year, and General Francis A. Walker, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is the chosen orator. To be invited to pronounce the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poem is the American distinction which seems to bear the closest analogy to carrying off the annual prize for poetry at Oxford. Most of the recent Phi Beta Kappa poets have been products and representatives of the effete East, and have been possibly rather distinguished for general culture than notorious for a demonstrated ability to compose marketable verse. It is matter for congratulation that this year the society has reached out into the woolly West, and got an untrammelled bard of a fresh type. It is to be hoped and expected that Mr. Thompson will give it such abundant encouragement in this new departure as to incite its committee to open negotiations with such other Western masters as Eugene Field and Whitcomb Riley.

Among persons lately reported missing in New York was a Connecticut man described as an inventor of an elevator for lowering coffins into graves. For the sake of his family or possible friends one must hope, of course, that he duly turned up, but so far as concerns him merely as an inventor it seems as if he might be spared. Too much has been done already for the relief of pall-bearers. It has become customary, if a deceased person is over forty years of age, to have two series of them, one honorary, to be seen of men, the other, young and sturdy, to carry the coffin. To supplement the exertions of this supplementary series by machinery seems an unnecessary disparagement of the physical capacity of the contemporary man. Let the pall-bearers lower the coffin. It will prove that they are of some practical use, and so help their self-respect.

The question of publishers' risks being under discussion in London, John Murray contributes memoranda of three depressing instances of misplaced confidence on the part of his firm. The firm brought out a costly work twenty years ago under the most felicitous auspices, but the book is permanently dead now, and the deficit on it is £1727.

Another, "an unrivalled work," published seven years ago, sells a few copies a year, and is £2311 behind its expenses. Another book is £3095 behind, but Mr. Murray hopes that by great exertions that deficit, in time, may be wiped out, unless indeed there should be, as there may, "some change in public taste which may wreck this great venture."

I do not think that the aspiring author ever doubts that there are great risks in the publishing business. He is always ready to grant that there are, and considering the sort of books that most of the other authors write, he is only surprised that the losses are not much greater. All that he presumes to ask is that the particular publishers of his choice should not take occasion to reimburse themselves for past losses at the cost of the meritorious work that he is about to offer. If his book makes a hit, and he doesn't get a satisfactory share of the proceeds, it is an inadequate solace to him to learn that his publishers made up on it for their loss on some one else's venture.

The short sense of the matter seems to be that if there is any reasonably sure means of knowing what an author's work is worth, he can get its value; and if not, the publisher who takes the book simply bets with him that it will sell so many copies. If it doesn't, the publisher loses; and if it does, the author (probably) gets better rates next time.

Loomis, whose business is that of purveyor of solid and instructive compositions to the periodical press, is in the habit of designating the lighter essays which compete with his for space as "song-and-dance articles." He means no disrespect by it, nor do I when I apply his epithet to another branch of endeavor, and observe how saliently successful has been the contemporary song-and-dance combination of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page and Mr. J. Hopkinson Smith. In Boston Mr. Page made a great audience happy by talking to them about Dr. Holmes, and then made them cry with "Marse Chan," and then turned them over for relief to Mr. Smith, who restored them with "Colonel Carter." Doubtless these clever gentlemen take turns in being pathetic, and, alternating between tears and smiles, have the same enlivening effect on the spirits of an audience that March weather has on maple sap. There is one mystery about it, though, and that is how any one can learn to read "Marse Chan" without letting his emotions run away with his voice.

Not less successful is Mr. Marion Crawford, who chooses to be both ends of his combination, and who can name, among other gratifying results of his efforts, the approval of Mr. Eugene Field, of Chicago, who "ventures to assert that if properly approached Mr. Crawford is one of the boys of the first water." Mr. Field has been in the song-and-dance business himself this winter, as appears in his regretful reference (in the Chicago *News*) to "some of us, who, owing to circumstances which lecture lyceums alone control, were unable to round up with him (Mr. Crawford) during this his first visit to Chicago."

In view of the rumors of the appearance of symptoms of cholera in some parts of Europe, it is suggested that if Mr. Wanamaker should provide to have a fit proportion of some reliable cholera preventive stirred into the gum that backs his large new postage stamps, the inside of the American people might be so fortified in advance against cholera germs that we could face the hazards of their distribution with equanimity. If the disease actually comes, the stamps would sell better for having curative properties, and in that case it might be well to supplement them by an issue of sinapism postal cards, which would insure to every citizen the benefits of a mustard plaster at insignificant cost.

In a three-column article on Mr. Blaine, the London *Times* notes that "he was far from indifferent to the Irish vote, and, indeed, he wooed it too openly. . . . But he never enjoyed the full confidence of Tammany." Which makes one smile, and then stop and ask himself if there was really anything to smile at.

The *Times's* estimate of Mr. Blaine's book, given in the same article, is that it has lost flavor, and that "with all its merits, and they are real, the book illustrates the curse of barrenness pronounced on the literature of party politics."

Our British brother really begins to find us out. In an article on the American child, which one of him who has been here contributes to the London *Queen*, he says of the American mother:

> "She is, if possible, too unselfish, and the consequence is that the child is apt to become exacting. But it is precisely this peculiar trait that runs through all American society—it is characteristic of men no less than of women. Husbands slave for their wives, regardless of all recreation even in the most heated days of summer, while the wives in their turn lavish all their thought and care upon the little ones."

We Americans have known these many years that if we had a fault it was that we were too unselfish, but we never expected our transatlantic contemporaries to impute it to us. But this brother is exceptionally dulcet, since he even declares that our children "are, as a rule, good, sensible, companionable little creatures, and the reports so often circulated as to their disagreeable forwardness are positively libellous."

The *Tribune* notes that "Sarah C. Sears, who has won the $500 Evans prize in the New York water-color exhibition, proves to be the wife of Boston's millionaire J. Montgomery Sears." Which is true; but it is not less true and, from its bearing on heredity of talent, not less interesting, that Mrs. Sears is the daughter of President Choate, of the Old Colony Railroad, and a niece of Mr. Joseph Choate, of New York. The Choates have been famous artists these many decades, only hitherto they have usually found that their most convenient medium of expression was language.

The income from a part of a gift made in October, 1891, by Thomas George Hodgkins, of Setauket, New York, to the Smithsonian Institution, was to be devoted "to the increase and diffusion of more exact knowledge in regard to the nature and properties of atmospheric air in connection with the welfare of man." Furthering this donor's wishes, the Institution now offers three prizes and a medal, which would seem to be of enough importance to attract the attention of scientific men all over the world. A prize of $10,000 is offered for a treatise embodying some new and important discovery in regard to the nature and properties of atmospheric air; a prize of $2000 for the best essay on the known properties of atmospheric air, considered in their relationships to research in every department of natural science; a prize of $1000 for the best popular treatise on atmospheric air; and a gold medal, to be awarded every year or every two years, for important contributions to knowledge of the same subject. All treatises are to be sent in before July 1, 1894, except those in competition for the first prize, for which six months longer is allowed.

The President of Columbia College announces the establishment of a first prize of $1000 and a second of $400 "for the best works published in the English language upon the history, geography, archæology, ethnology, philology, or numismatics of North America." The competition for these prizes is open, under the deed of gift, to all persons, whether connected with Columbia College or not, and whether citizens of the United States or of any other country. The first award will be made at the close of the present year for the best works published since January 1, 1888. Further awards will be made at intervals of not less than five years, all under regulations which can be obtained from the president's secretary.

E. S. MARTIN.

ECONOMY TO-DAY.

IN strange contrast to the bustling activity of Pittsburg, and yet only eighteen miles below that city's gates, lies the town of Economy, where since 1825 the communistic society of Economists, or, as they were originally called, Harmonites, has lived apart from the world in contentment and uncommon prosperity. The Pittsburg, Chicago, and Fort Wayne Railroad runs at the foot of the cliffs which form the southern boundary of the town and front upon the Ohio River, and when you alight from the train at the little stone railroad station all that can be seen of Economy is some barns and warehouses, partly in disuse, on the brow of the steep hill above you. Following a road that climbs boldly up the hillside, a minute's walk brings you to the level plateau upon which the town is built. This plateau extends for a mile almost back from the river, till some gently rolling hills mark the natural frontier of the Ohio Valley. The town covers far more ground than the actual number of houses and inhabitants would seem to the average American to justify. This is because about every house is a roomy garden, the streets are sixty feet wide, and right in the heart of the town are the spacious semi-public grounds attached to the Rapp house, where the founder and father of the society made his home until he died, on the threshold of his ninetieth year, in 1847. At night, when the slumberous solitude of the grass-grown streets is natural, and long lines of substantial brick houses, with here and there a massive warehouse or granary, and the old German church tower rising over all, confront the visitor, warmly lit up, too, by the yellow glare of the natural-gas flambeaux, with which the town is well provided, he might be pardoned for believing that thousands instead of hundreds lived there. In the daytime, however, the silence and absolute peace of the place, so entirely unlike the air of any of the neighboring towns in the same country, make the first and the deepest impression. If it were not for the fowls which swarm upon the streets, the very dust would seldom be disturbed. The feathered inhabitants of Economy are the most lively of all there, and even without tasting fried chickens, which, with supplementary waffles, are the *pièce de résistance* at the funny old hotel, or discovering eggs at every meal and in almost every dish served there, the man who only stays an hour in the town will never forget the omnipotent air of Economy's roosters, and the hardly more modest manner of its hens.

The society never contained more than a thousand souls, and probably at its lustiest age, before Count Leon, the singular impostor, who succeeded in seducing almost one-third of the members from their allegiance, as long ago as 1832, six or seven hundred was the maximum of its membership. There are records to show that the society by 1866 had shrunk to a scant two hundred and fifty. At the present day, though it is hard to ascertain the exact figures, there are not more than forty members of the society, and of these three-fourths are of very recent creation. About a dozen of the original members survive, many of them bedridden, and almost all of them over eighty years of age. The venerable successor to Father Rapp, Jacob Henrici, whose death occurred only a few weeks ago, had reached his eighty-seventh year, and the abnormal preservation of his powers, both physical and mental, is doubtless due to the life of activity which, unlike his brethren, he has led.

Of course this handful of veterans, even re-enforced by the recruits of the last decade's enlistments, is not the only garrison of the town. The old fellows, or such of them as are able to be about, with a still smaller proportion of their sisters in the society, may be occasionally seen upon the streets when the sun is shining, on their way to the church, perhaps, where two services are held every Sunday, or to pay a call of state at the Rapp house. Commonly these survivors must be sought in the coziest corners of the queer old houses, mostly of brick, and two stories high, which in spring and summer are green with heavy grape-vines trained upon trellises from the ground to the roof. You have to go through the garden always to get within the house, for there are no openings but square little windows upon the street, and the solitary entrance is the side door. The solid comfort of the Economite's habitation is its strong point; light, ventilation, and other sanitary features are rather notable by their absence. In addition to these old-timers some three or four hundred hired hands—including, that is, their wives and children—find in Economy a most desirable home for those who like square meals and plenty of them, a warm bed to sleep in, and a quiet, unvaried existence generally. The thirty odd members of the society who are generally called "new members," and not always with a respectful emphasis, by their elders, for the most part act as overseers and the like in the management of the society's industries and occupations, the actual labor being almost entirely left to the hired help. It is hardly to be wondered at, therefore, that even the more intelligent of the Economites themselves are beginning to look for the dissolution of the society. The common opinion outside the society has been that so long as Jacob Henrici lived there would be no radical change, but that at his death there would be a wild scramble for the Economite's property.

Until the day of his death Mr. Henrici was senior trustee of the society, and, when he was not incapacitated by sickness, the active manager of its affairs, domestic and foreign. The junior trustee, John Duss, is a young man, and although the son of an Economite mother but recently elected to membership, has assumed a good deal of authority during the last two or three years, not without opposition from some of the older members of the society, and aspires to take Mr. Henrici's place. The trustees are assisted in council by seven elders, who form a board, vacancies in which are filled in by the surviving members. All property is held in common, and when a man is admitted to membership he assigns all he has to the society, and cannot recover anything if he withdraws. In return, the society agrees to furnish all the necessaries of life to all its members as long as they live. There is no certain method of computing the value of the Economy Society's property. The wildest estimates of the society's wealth have been made, but not even the trustees themselves, nor their attorney, Judge Hice, who has been associated with the society in a legal capacity for many years, can do much more than hazard a rough guess. Much of their property is in real estate, including a considerable part of the town of Beaver Falls, where they also own and operate several factories. Their oil and gas interests are large. They are interested in brick-making, own a large tract of timber-land in Warren County, near Tidioute, and operate a saw-mill at Economy. They make capital wine from their own grapes and other fruits, and all the milk, butter, and grain, to say nothing of vegetables, they themselves need they raise. As to their monetary investments naturally it is hard to tell, but they are undoubtedly large. How their riches have been overestimated in the past may be seen by reverting to the evidence upon the subject produced in court in the trial of the suits of Nachtrieb and Lemmix for damages against the society, from which they had withdrawn or been expelled. At that time—that is, 1855—as now, the popular estimate of the society's wealth was ten or twelve millions of dollars. The judicial inquiry revealed the fact that it didn't exceed one million. Stories are told of fabulous sums buried in the town, concealed in all sorts of ways, and, like pirates' booty, the hidden treasure grows bigger every year. The foundation for most of these yarns is an incident that actually occurred a good many years ago in Economy, when cash was required to pay for Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad securities purchased by the society. Silver coin, which had been buried under the Rapp house before the war, was dug up and shipped to Pittsburg. There were many old Spanish pieces and Mexican dollars among the money, and for a while there was a great demand for them in Pittsburg, and the story of their origin obtained a wide circulation. It is probably true that there is rather less money in Economy than in most towns of its size, because a large part of the population have no need for it, since they draw their supplies from the store upon written orders, and receive a regular allowance of milk, wine, etc., without money and without price.

Now, when you go to Economy, as you should do and very easily may when next you are in Pittsburg, you will find that the church, Rapp's house and garden, the wine-cellars, and the Economites themselves, are as thoroughly German as if the Rhine, instead of the Ohio, watered the fruitful valley in which the society has flourished for nearly seventy years. There are some of the members who cannot talk English, and among the hired hands German almost exclusively is spoken.

Mr. Henrici's bent figure, with the tails of a long frock-coat flapping about his knees, and a tall felt hat of German extraction and style of 1820, could till recently be seen almost any day on Pittsburg's streets, or in Economy itself. He always carried a big black valise, in which some people insisted he concealed very valuable papers and other treasures, but which, I believe, contained a light lunch, with sometimes a bottle of that excellent Economy catawba or cherry wine, a present for some city friend, and always a bottle of boneset bitters, a sovereign Economite remedy for most human ills. Mr. Henrici had the reputation of being an able man of affairs. Pittsburg's financial men, who had dealings with him for years, speak of his unswerving integrity, his shrewd common-sense, and his ability to make a good bargain. But his best reputation was in Economy itself. He was beloved there. No doubt, also, there were times when he was feared. Only a few Sundays before his death his intellect was strong enough to enable him to deliver a stirring sermon in church without preparation when the regular preacher failed to appear.

Things have not changed for the better in Economy of late, at least so far as picturesqueness of the life and its environments in the old town are concerned. But you may still wander among the sweet-smelling flowers of Rapp's garden, and wonder at the old-world quaintness of it all, or drink in memories of the past in the stately, if stuffy, atmosphere of the parlor in Rapp's house, and inspect what a very modern young woman will tell you is a masterpiece of West's, a painting of "Christ Healing the Sick," which hangs there among other curiosities in the shape of furniture, musical boxes, pictures carved in ivory, and other things presented at one time or another by visitors or made by Economites. A table from the Blaine homestead when the family lived at Baden, in James G. Blaine's school days, is one of the relics always pointed out.

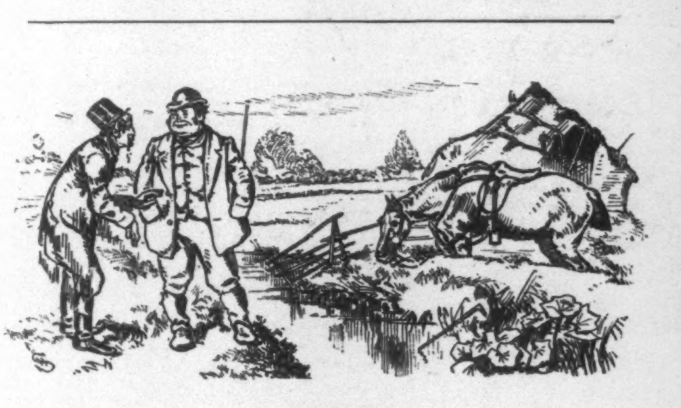
Everything is old-fashioned. New-fangled things do not commend themselves to the Economites. The pumps are old style; so are the women's poke bonnets; and a few years ago Mr. Henrici found it necessary to forbid the women wearing bustles, which some of the younger hired women had dared to do. "Take the 'plunder' off your backs!" the father of his people thundered in church, and off the so-called "plunder" came, you may rest assured, before night. There is such a prejudice in favor of antiquities in Economy that when Mr. Duss recently introduced there a new breed of chickens—white Leghorns, I think they were—some of the older members of the society thought it portended a revolution, and denounced the six-toed fowls. But in a country where the new is almost synonymous with the good, if not the best, the reverence and affection of these thrifty old communists for the past and all that carries any reminder of it is rather refreshing. It will seem a pity to some that the old-fashioned town and its remnant of old-fashioned people can hardly outlast the century, even if the end of Economy Society be staved off that long.

HEPBURN JOHNS.

MINISTER STEVENS.

THE Hon. John L. Stevens, LL.D., the present United States Minister Resident at Honolulu, was born in Mount Vernon, Maine, in the year 1820, and is descended from one of the earliest settlers of New England. He was educated in the common schools and seminaries of Maine. In 1855 he became the partner of the Hon. James G. Blaine in the ownership and management of the *Kennebec Journal*. Always an ardent opponent of slavery, his editorial writings during his connection of sixteen years with that paper show the most undeviating advocacy of antislavery views and measures. He was an especial disciple and advocate of William H. Seward, and for five of the most momentous years of that illustrious statesman's life was one of his personal confidants. In 1870 Mr. Stevens was appointed, by President Grant, United States Minister to Uruguay and Paraguay, the former country being then in a state of civil war, and the latter having just emerged from a disastrous conflict with Brazil. He was very active and influential in protecting American interests in Montevideo and in aiding to establish peace in the countries to which he was accredited. Mr. Stevens resigned in 1873, although the administration urged him to remain. In 1877 he was appointed United States Minister to Sweden, where he remained six years, resigning in 1883. While residing in Stockholm, he wrote a history of Gustavus Adolphus and the Thirty Years' War, a subject to which he had already devoted many years' reading and study. This is recognized as a standard work, and has received the commendation of historical critics both in Sweden and America. In 1883 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Mr. Stevens by Tufts College. In 1889 he was appointed United States Minister at Honolulu by President Harrison. During his residence in Honolulu he has by his courteous and genial manners endeared himself to every one with whom his personal or official relations have brought him in contact, and, assisted by his wife and daughters, he has dispensed so generous a hospitality that his home is one of the favorite rendezvouses of the various nationalities represented at the Hawaiian capital. His official attitude in the recent events which resulted in the overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy was one of strict impartiality. It was only at the request of the Committee of Safety that he consented to the landing of the sailors and marines from the U.S.S. *Boston*, and only then for the purpose of protecting the lives and property of American citizens. On Wednesday, February 15th, President Harrison sent to the Senate a message relative to Hawaiian affairs, together with the correspondences from Mr. Stevens. The annexation of the islands was advocated, and a form of treaty for accomplishing the same was also submitted. Mr. Stevens's course in the matter was strongly upheld.

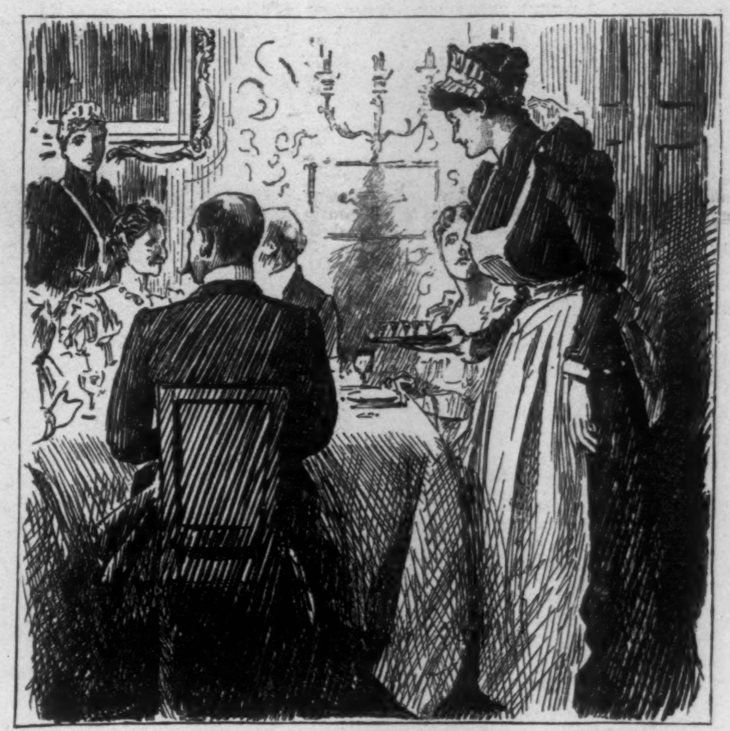
AN INTENSELY INTERESTING NOVEL.—From *Fliegende Blätter*.



NOT POPULAR.

SQUIRE. "'Twas awfully good of you, farmer, to fish me out of that ditch."

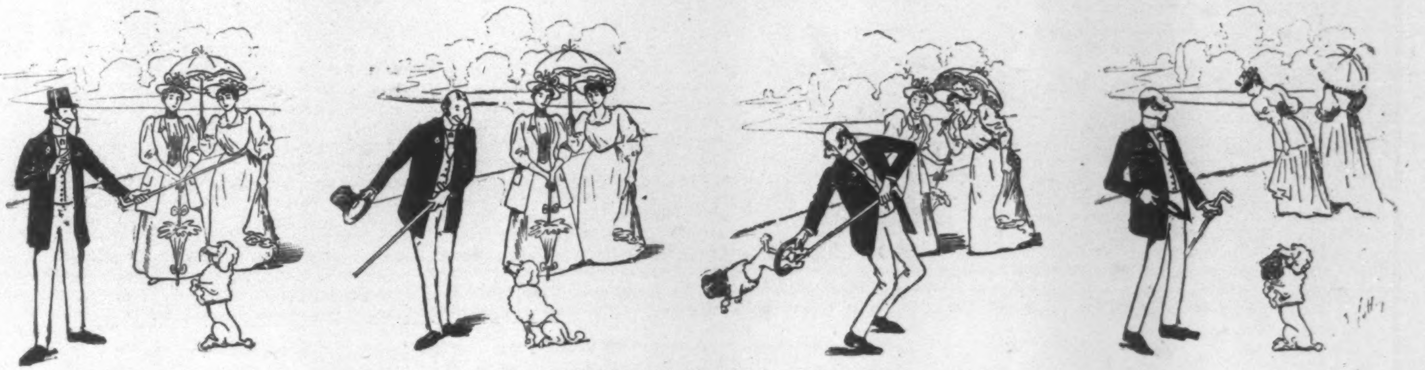
FARMER. "'S-s-s-s-sh, squire! For 'eaven's sake, daan't 'ee zay a word about it. Ef et was know'd amongst the neighbors 'ere that I'd a-fished you out, whoy, they'd pitch me in."
—From *Scraps*.



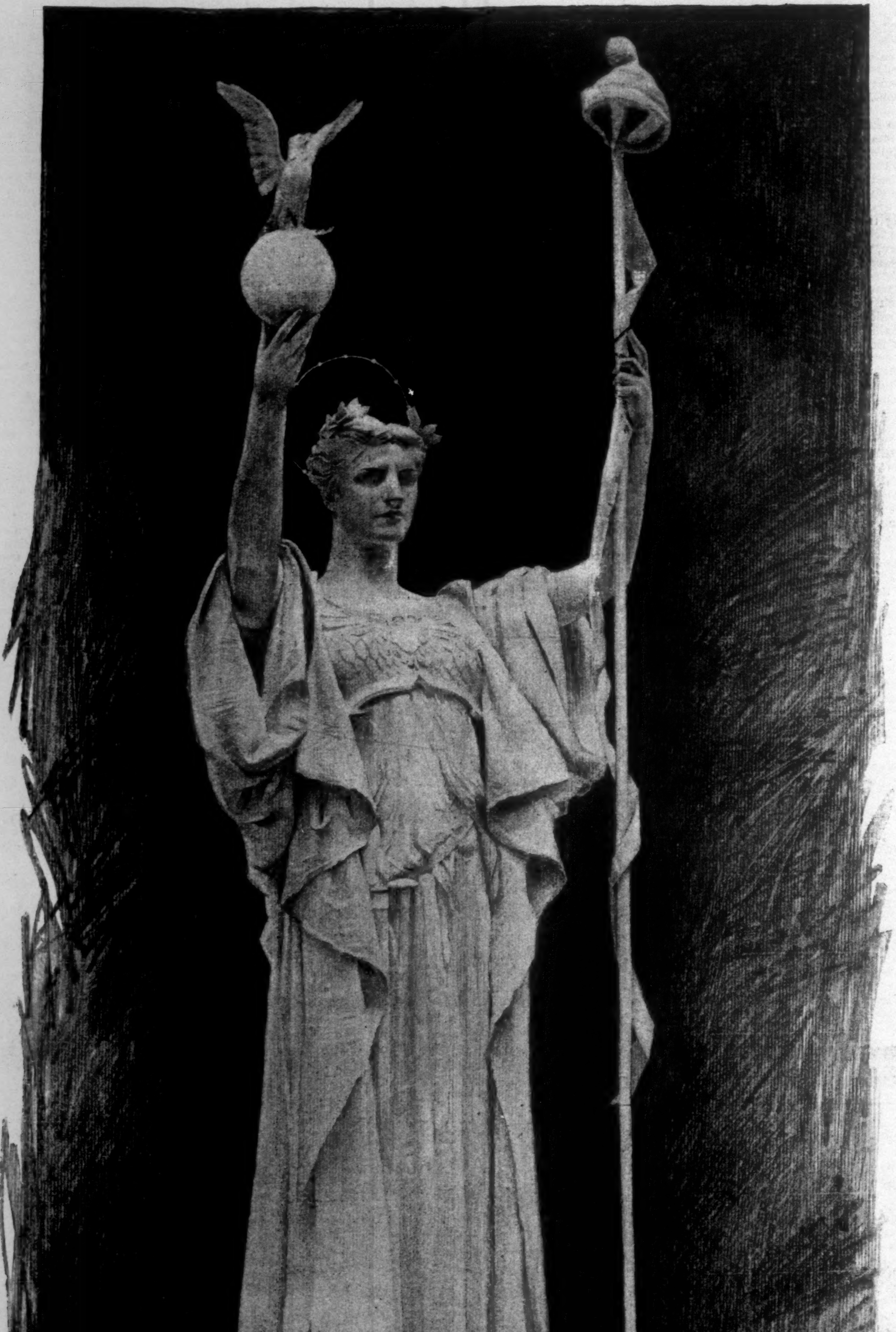
TROP DE ZÈLE.

HOSTESS. "Why are some of the liqueur glasses *empty*, Kathleen?"

THE NEW PARLOR MAID. "If you please, my lady, they're for thim as don't take any liqueur."
—From *Punch*.



AN UNREHEARSED TRICK.—From *Pick-Me-Up*.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—THE STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC.—DANIEL C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR.—DRAWN BY F. V. DU MOND.

VISITORS ON THE CAPITOL TERRACE.

THE rural visitor to the national Capitol is a perennial source of delight. Hardened old newspaper correspondents, who have a cynical distrust of everything connected with the work of government at Washington, always find enjoyment in the loitering, gaping visitors, who not only look with awe and reverence upon the statesmen with whom the newspaper man is on familiar and intimate terms, but who actually regard the works of art with which the Capitol is graced with respectful wonder.

They go away from the Capitol doubtless knowing more about its recesses and its secrets than the newspaper man finds out for himself in ten years of assiduous devotion to interviewing and searching for news. They know the names of all the statues, and where the whispering gallery and the echo are in the old House of Representatives; and they know, too, a pleasant, well-spoken, deeply versed young man who wears the badge of an official guide, and who introduces the stranger to the mysteries for a small consideration. The stranger who does not have a guide loses one of the great pleasures of a visit to the Capitol. The bubbling vivacious eloquence of these men must be a source of infinite and annually recurring pleasure in many of the farm-houses of the country. There are doubtless repeated to-day at many firesides bits of description and passages of history and tradition that fell upon the ears of the reciter a dozen years ago from the quickened lips of a Capitol guide.

There is so much to see at the Capitol that guides are necessary if one is to see everything. And what American citizen is there who, repeating a list of what he saw, is not chilled to the marrow by the question, for example, "Did you see the Crypt?" and to be forced to answer, hesitatingly, resisting a strong temptation to prevaricate, "No, I don't recollect the Crypt"—an admission which is followed by a voluble description of dinginess that has been suddenly turned into glory by the discovery of exclusive possession. If the true American wishes to avoid such humiliation, let him by all means employ a guide when he visits the Capitol.

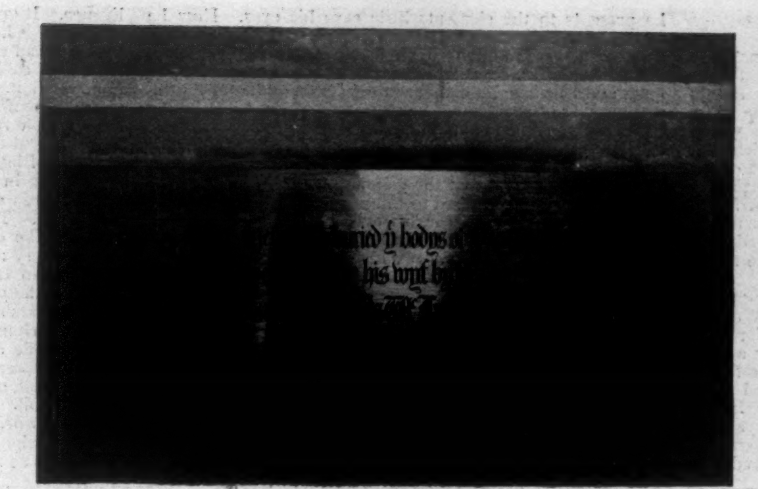
It is one of the delights of an old citizen, if he is possessed of the true feeling about the Capitol, to watch the visitors from all over the country, the pilgrims to the shrine of the nation, and especially is the open-mouthed, undisguised, unashamed wonder of the rural visitors gratifying. They are seeing what they have dreamed of for years; or perhaps the man is looking upon streets that were roads, muddy and dusty and toilsome, when he was young, and marched over them to crush the rebellion, or in the splendid review that marked the end of the great conflict. He is looking now on one of the most beautiful cities on the continent, and he and his wife are laying up stores of experiences and sights that will please many a Grand Army camp-fire and sewing circle.

It is a great inspiration to patriotism, this frank admiration of the country's beautiful Capitol and its other public buildings. Day after day the visitors stream into the Rotunda, and look at the originals of the pictures they have often seen on the backs of their national bank-notes, and then up at the glowing fresco under the lantern, and at the poor brown panorama representing the history of the country. They walk through the Library, and whisper in wonder at the piles upon piles of books and plates stored on the floor for lack of room. They sit in the galleries and listen to weary or inspiring words, according as the pending debate may be on a business proposition or on politics. They believe in the statuary, in the paintings, in the statesmen, in the very door-keepers, who take on a touch of the glory with which they come daily in contact. They believe in their country and its Capitol, and are touchingly proud of them.

And well may any American be proud of the scene that lies before him from the point of view which Mr. Reinhart has selected for his picture. From the beautiful terrace one may look far into the umbrageous city which lies at his feet. The broad avenues named from the thirteen original States spread out before him, and immediately in the foreground are the shady parks of the Horticultural Department and the Smithsonian Institution. Beyond is the shining shaft of the Washington Monument, which light-minded and unimpressionable persons are prone to liken to a factory chimney; and still beyond are the waters of the Potomac and the hills at Arlington. Everywhere is rich foliage—in the streets, the parks, on the hills. It is the country in town—in a town ornamented by buildings which, whatever may be said of their architectural virtues, are impressive from their size and from their traditions.

Washington visitors gain their most pleasing impressions of the Capitol from the porch of the Library or from this fine terrace, the conception of which was a happy inspiration. Its purpose is to make a front entrance in the original rear, and to correct the wrong which the city has done the Capitol by growing up behind it, and to help out the apparent height of the structure so that the huge dome should not seem to overpower it. But it is also a most charming spot from which to catch a glimpse of the city, the memory of which will always linger.

Henry Loomis Nelson.



WASHINGTON BRASS, SULGRAVE CHURCH.

THE ENGLISH HOME OF WASHINGTON'S ANCESTORS.

IT will be a surprise to many to know that the ancestral home of "The Father of Our Country" still stands in England. It was in Little Brington, Northamptonshire, not far from Althorp Park, that Laurence Washington, the great-great-great-grandfather of George Washington, lived, and it was in his house, our photograph of which was taken this year, that John Washington, the General's great-grandfather, was born. John Washington emigrated with his brother Laurence to Virginia, 1657, and he settled near the Potomac, in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia, between Pope's and Bridge's creeks. He here married Anne Pope, by whom he had two sons, one of whom he called, after his brother, the family name of Laurence. Laurence married Mildred Warner, of Gloucester County, and had three children. The second child was named Augustine, and was the father of George Washington.

The old English home of the Washingtons is now the moss-grown cottage of a laborer, and the plaster has here and there fallen from its stuccoed sides. Its roof, once of thatch, has long ago been replaced by shingles, but the old-fashioned windows are the same, and the cottage has not been added to in the way of improvements since Washington's great-grandfather was born in it, not far from three hundred years ago. The house is of yellow sandstone covered with plaster. The lights of the windows are divided by slender stone bars, and above the door there is an inscription which reads: "The Lord Giveth, The Lord Taketh Away; Blessed be the name of the Lord. Constructed 1606."

Near this is the Sulgrave church, in which Washington's ancestors are buried, and where upon a slab is an inscription stating that Laurence Washington, Gent, and Amee his wife, by whom he had issue of three sons and seven daughters, died in 1564. By the side of this is engraved a sort of a shield or coat of arms, with three stars at the top and two stripes below, from which it has been erroneously stated that our national flag was taken.

General Washington said but little about his ancestors in his papers, and the probability is that his time was so much engaged that he could not look them up. He was in many respects an aristocrat, and we have had no other President who was so punctilious regarding the etiquette to be observed in his establishment. He was addressed by his friends as "your Excellency," and I have seen manuscript private letters to Mrs. Washington which were directed to "Lady Washington." She and the President had their coat of arms, and they observed a genteel style in all their living. He had one of the most gorgeous coaches which have ever been seen in America. He imported the most of his clothes from England, and he wore silk, satin, and great quantities of gold lace. He entertained like a lord at Mount Vernon, and his establishment there was such that it would not discredit the most lavish entertainer among the statesmen of to-day.

Frank G. Carpenter.

WINTER NIGHTFALL.

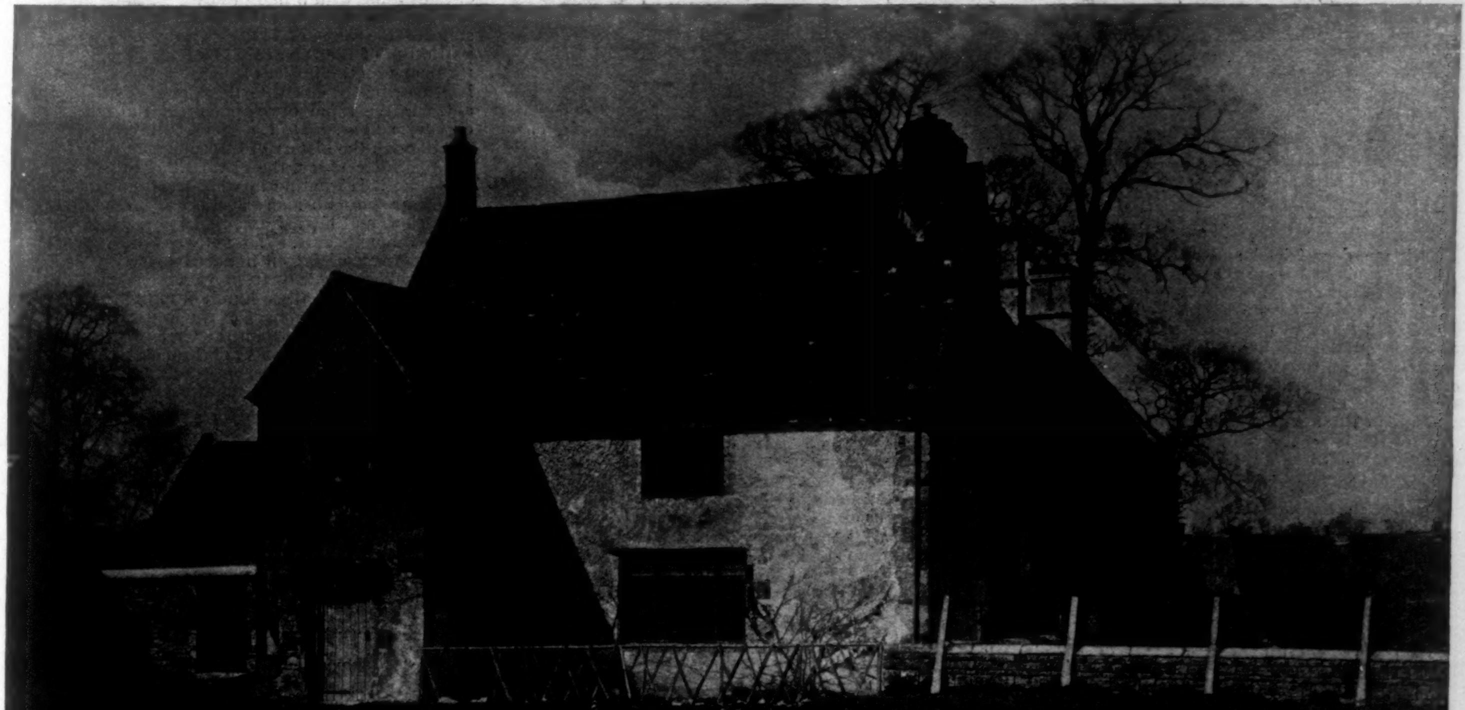
THE rose has faded from the western sky
Behind the lazy mill,
The snow's wind-carven drifts in beauty lie
Where all is gray and still.

Now dim and faint the distant steeple grows,
While night's drear shadows creep
Across the land, and dull the weird repose
Of ashen wood and steep.

Above the fields a great enamelled star
Is sparkling cold and white;
The deep dark curtains of the east afar
Shine with a sudden light,

And in a moment, with a silver flood,
The full moon rises chill
Behind the tangle of the sombre wood
That crowns the distant hill.

R. K. Munkittrick.



THE SULGRAVE MANOR-HOUSE—ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE WASHINGTONS.

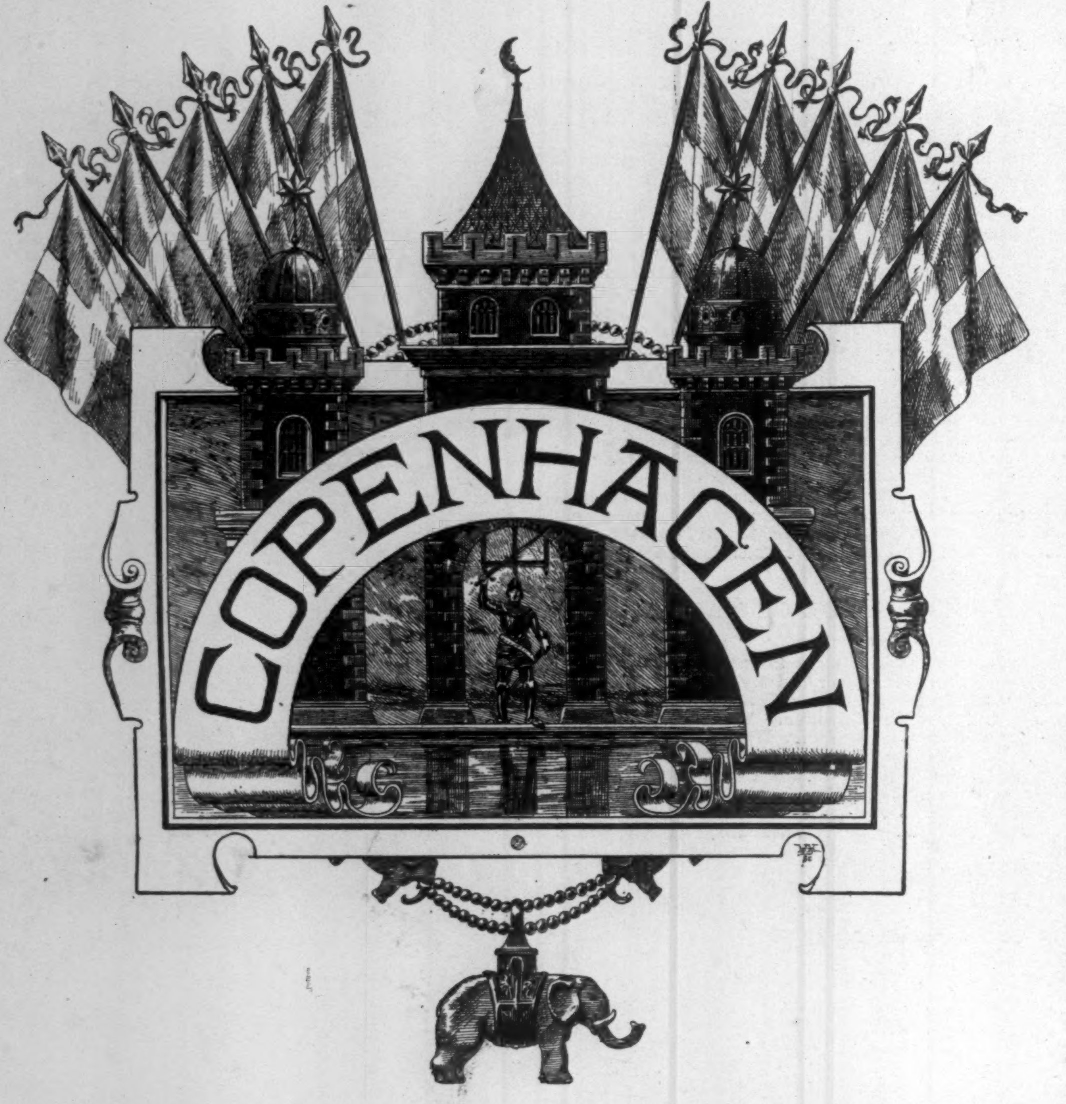
THE CHICAGO GRIPMAN.

The ears of a stranger in Chicago are startled constantly by clanging bells on the streets. The first idea is that there must be a fire, and that all the engines and fire apparatus, together with the hospital ambulances, must be on the street and hastening on their missions of help. In a little while, however, the visitor sees what is making this ceaseless and alarming din. It is made by the gripmen in charge of the trains of cable-cars that hurry along the main thoroughfares of this busy Western metropolis. The noise itself is striking, and in no sense pleasing. The gripman himself, who makes the noise with his discordant but sharp-toned bell, is during the winter months the most striking and picturesque figure to be seen in Chicago.

The gripman, who is the engineer of the cable-cars, is almost entirely unprotected from the weather. Weather means more in Chicago than it does anywhere else; for within any twenty-four hours from November to May a wise person who has to be out-of-doors will provide himself with clothing to withstand the stress of driving rain and sleet, fierce snow and heavy winds, and a temperature in the neighborhood of zero. The gripman therefore arrays himself in an immense fur coat, with collar above his ears and skirts almost to his heels. His head is also fur-covered, and he presents to the elements little save his eyes. How he manages to hear the conductor's bell, considering that his ears are covered and his own bell constantly jangling, is really wonderful. But he is wonderfully picturesque to behold, and I believe he manages to get along without an undue number of accidents. In almost any other climate than Chicago the gripman could be housed in a glass-covered cab like that of a railway locomotive; but in Chicago the heavy smoke and black coal soot would soon so damage the transparency of the glass that the gripman would not be able to see accurately one hundred feet ahead of him. He therefore must stand in an open car, his eyes to the front, with one hand on the grip lever and the other on the brake.

The gripman's job in a crowded street is no sinecure. He must be always alert, and possessed of intelligence and judgment. Running a grip is not considered to require the same skill as running a steam or electric motor. It may not require what might be called instructed skill, but it certainly needs a robust physique, good eyesight, good hearing, and a clear mind. Driving an ordinary horse-car is not the easiest work in the world, but it is child's play compared to the work of the gripman. After car-horses have been used a little while their own intelligence does much to relieve the driver's work, for they learn to stop and start by the conductor's bell. But the cable beneath the street has no intelligence. It goes on and on, whether the street be blocked or only crowded, and the gripman must do all the rest.

The broad avenues of Chicago are very well adapted for the use of cables in pulling surface cars, and their use is an undoubted improvement on the old horse-cars. But they are not comfortable, nor do they cover distance with any considerable rapidity. A little past midnight the cables stop running, and then belated persons must take the horse-cars or cabs. Places of business, amusement, and resort empty themselves in time for these post-midnight cable-cars, and little crowds are waiting on the street corners to catch the last trains. This rule of the cable-cars is more effective in securing the closing of drinking-saloons at midnight than the ordinary aldermanic ordinance relating to the subject. It those rare days of summer when it is neither too hot nor too cold, the gripman's cab is considered a post of vantage, and the seats about his stand are crowded. But in the summer the gripman's picturesqueness has departed. He is no longer made a burly Titan by his furs, but is only an ordinary laborer, clothed like his fellows, soiled by the dust and the soot, and not even distinguished by these honorable stains of toil. Such stains do not distinguish one in Chicago. They are worn by all alike—the rich, the poor, the idle, and the industrious. Even the dandy when a few hours from his bath looks as though he might have been shovelling coal.



To Armand Dayot.

YOU ask me, dear friend and fellow-traveller, to call up again as I sit in my easy-chair the experiences of our charming trip in the bright days of June, 1888—days which sped by all too quickly, thanks to the interest and variety of the scenes we witnessed, the number and rapidity of the impressions we received, and the gentle courtesies and cordial hospitality of the people we visited. You do not, of course, expect me to describe all the sights we saw at Copenhagen, or, like Asmodeus, to lift up the roofs of the houses, but merely to give, for the benefit of your readers, a *résumé* of the ideas and impressions I brought back with me from our visit to the country of Denmark, and the streets and museums of its capital.

So I will look through my travelling note-book and try to call up the memories already hidden and half effaced beneath the dusty accumulations of daily life, but which gradually, as I muse, wake up to reality, and resume at some touch of association their natural proportions and coloring.

And, first, I see the sea in the early morning, a vast pearly-gray gleaming sheet of water, dotted with long islets of pale green verdure drifting with the tide. The ocean is ever the fundamental feature of a Danish scene, forming as it does three-quarters of every landscape, gently encircling in its embrace the whole country, and cutting it up into an infinite number of bays and islands. In the days of the heroes of eld the sea was the undisputed domain of the Northmen, bearing on its wide bosom the ships of the Vikings, who followed the flight of the wild swan, and boasted in their war-like songs that they had never slept beneath a roof, and never drained a cup beside a sheltered hearth. They steered their dragon-prowed vessels towards the lands occupied by the Anglo-Saxons and Franks, planted their pikes in the invaded districts, pillaged on every side, plundering with special zest, as pleasing to Odin, the churches of the Christians, and little dreaming that out of the ruins of those very churches was to spring up a new, better, and more wonderful style of art, a style to the development of which the Vikings were themselves in some measure to contribute, for to Northern influence we owe much of the quaint and confused yet rich and effective ornamentation characteristic of Romanesque architecture—an architecture thoroughly imbued with the spirit of its originators, which peeps out at us, so to speak, from many a sculptured capital in the grand cloisters, aisles, and naves of our cathedrals.

As we speed along between Korsör and Copenhagen, across the moors and heaths of Sjoelland, we look out from the window of our carriage on to low-lying silent districts, dotted here and there with farm-houses, the roofs standing out clearly against the wide horizon, and catch glimpses of the white oxen, with short legs but mighty lyre-shaped horns, yoked together in pairs, and of peasants bending over their ploughs. The scene is perhaps a little monotonous, but very peaceful and restful. One is reminded of some outlying tract of North Holland, only everything here is in a lower key of color, and the atmosphere is even more transparent, the light seeming to have been filtered through the ice of the nearer arctic regions.

But as the town is approached, the scenery becomes more diversified and fuller of interesting detail. The fields and pasture-lands now alternate with the scattered hamlets of the fisher-folk, and all along the Strandvei are villas embowered in trees, which are reflected in the blue waters of the Sound; we pass Klampenborg and Skovsborg, with their belts of fine woods; Charlottenhund, and, a little further north, Dyrehaven, with their chateaux and hunting-boxes, their celebrated old oaks, and their gigantic beeches, the finest I ever saw, venerable grandsires of a race peaceful yet powerful, in which the mighty hidden work of nature is silently carried on century after century, and who enjoy a charmed, all but immortal life, sustained by the flowing of the inexhaustible sap in their veins, and manifested in the gentle mysterious rustling of their masses of sombre foliage. Truly they live indeed; we almost fancy they think; and as we look at them we recall without any of the scepticism of doubt Holberg's account of the wonderful country in which wandered the student Niels-Klim, where the trees are men, true masters of the earth, and monarchs of the country, depositaries of the grand primitive forces of nature, the sources of authority, forming a natural and all-powerful aristocracy, the chiefs of which, distinguished by the greater number of their branches and the superior girth of their trunks, solemnly salute each other by slowly drooping their branches.

Yet one other peculiarity must be noted here, a peculiarity which will specially arouse the interest of the traveller on his first visit to Denmark, and that is the beauty of the lingering twilight, the magic charm of the long-drawn-out summer evenings, the soft light lingering in the transparent atmosphere, through which gleam the tender turquoise tints of the cloudless sky sinking so slowly from piano to pianissimo that the changes are scarcely perceptible. Gladly would one catch each fleeting effect in some ideal water-color sketch, or embody in the dreamy music of a lullaby the ineffable impression of peace and mystery produced by the sacred charm of this quiet evening hour, as the dying day in a delirious dream and in almost stealthy silence gives to the earth his parting kiss....

Copenhagen, or, as its inhabitants call it, Kjöbenhaven, the port of the merchants, is situated in an admirable position on the shores of the Sound, partly on Zeeland and partly on Amager. Like a northern Constantinople, it guards the Baltic Strait, and is a point of transition between central and northern Europe, watching over the fragments, much parcelled out, alas! of an ancient empire. But for the old citadel of Frederikshaven and its advanced batteries of Trekroner and Lynethen, it has no fortifications to speak of.* The ancient ramparts have been replaced by a girdle of promenades and wide boulevards. The authorities do not deceive themselves about the defences of their city, and if an invasion were threatened they would not be able to contemplate without uneasiness the terraces and avenues of the Lange-Linie, that beautiful esplanade on the side next the sea, the deep blue waters of which are fringed in the bright days of June with a line of silvery foam, reminding one of the lustrous violet-hued waves described by poets....In spite of the want of batteries, however, the courage and patriotism of the Danes are alike undoubted, and relying on them, and on the justice of their cause, the people of Copenhagen earnestly cultivate those arts of peace which have aided in the rapid development of the resources of their country, and assure to it a grand future.

Although the history of Copenhagen can be traced back to the twelfth century, the city retains but few relics of the past, and it is wanting in what has been called the historic air of a town with many memories. At various times conflagrations and bombardments have razed to the ground its ancient monuments. To note but the most terrible: in 1728 more than sixteen hundred houses were burnt at one time; in 1795 whole quarters were consumed by the flames; in 1807 more than three hundred buildings and monuments fell beneath the cannonade of the English. Nothing remains to-day of earlier date than the time of Christian IV. (1588–1648), who, like Charles V. of France, was fond of "beaux maçonnages, saige artiste, vray architecteur, deviseur certain et prudent ordonneur, et belles fondacions fit faire en maintes places, notables édifices beaulx et nobles";† and in spite of all the troubles which befell his country during his reign has ever been the most popular monarch of Denmark.

The oldest portion of Kjöbenhaven is the southern, bounded on the north by the long Gothersgade Street, and cut across by the Ostergade, Amagertorv, Vimmelskaft, Nygade, Nytorv, and Frederiksberggade. There is the Kongens-Nytorv, or New King's Square, with its fine trees, its theatre, the Charlottenberg Palace, and the equestrian statue of Christian V., whilst further on we come to the Fruekirke, or Church of Our Lady, with the "Christ and Twelve Apostles," by Thorwaldsen, the University Buildings, and lastly, to the eminently characteristic Slotsholm, cut across by numerous canals spanned by little bridges, with the ruins of the Christiansborg Palace, of which the fire of 1884 left but the walls. On the same islet is the Thorwaldsen Museum, to which we shall return presently. Here, too, in the very heart of the old city, not far from the Prindsens Palace, is the Exchange, built under Christian IV., above which rises a very quaint and unusual kind of spire, made of the uplifted

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* Many outlying forts are, however, now in course of construction.—Trans.

† The translator has left this passage in the original, as its whole charm consists in the quaintness of the old French phrasing and spelling.

Note.—The previous papers of this series, entitled "Capitals of the World," were published in Harper's Weekly as follows:

PARIS.—No. 1837. By François Coppée.
ST. PETERSBURG.—No. 1841. By E. Melchior de Vogüé.
CONSTANTINOPLE.—No. 1846. By Pierre Loti.
ROME.—No. 1850. By Gaston Boissier.
GENEVA.—No. 1856. By Édouard Rod.
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BRUSSELS.—No. 1883. By Camille Lemonnier.
BUCHAREST.—No. 1885. By Carmen Sylva.

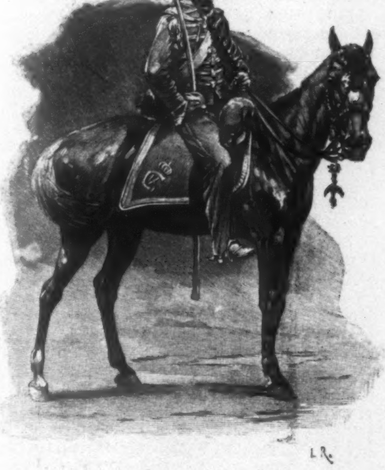
and interlaced tails of four dragons, the bodies of which rest on the roof, bearing witness in the midst of the triumphs of classicism to the survival amongst the Danes of a faithful love for the primitive fancies which inspired the art of their ancestors.

North of Slotsholm stretch the new quarters of the town, Gammelholm, Frederiksstadt, and Amalienborg, the last named the West End of Copenhagen, where are situated the royal residence and the houses of the aristocracy. On the west of this quarter is Kongenshave, the one park of the town, in which rises the little Rosenborg Château, built by Christian, in a mixed Gothic and Renaissance style, and containing the collection of Danish antiquities arranged by the celebrated archæologist Worsaäe. In this pretty park, which, like that of the Luxembourg in Paris, is the favorite resort of children and their attendants, is a statue of Andersen, the famous teller of fairy tales, who looks down as if ever relating fresh wonders to the charming groups playing at his feet.

Lastly, outside the town, beyond the Botanical Gardens, are the celebrated Tivoli Gardens, where, on the smooth sward beneath the fine old trees, all manner of innocent amusements are provided for the good people of Copenhagen, washed down by excellent beer. . . .

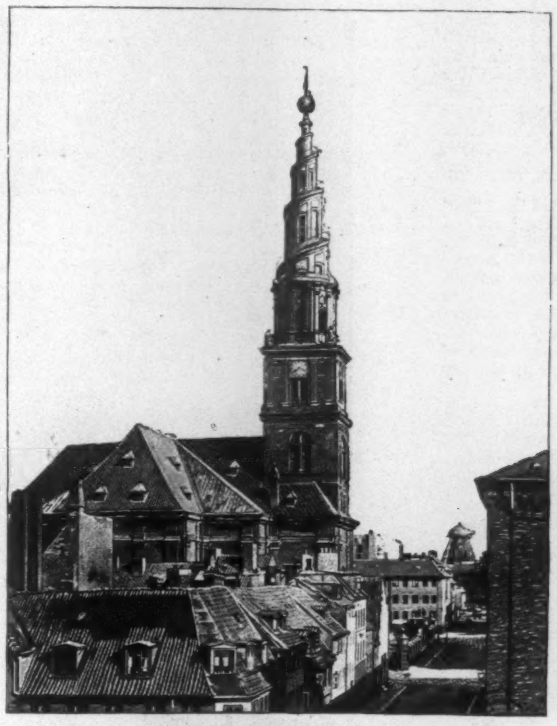
We have now given a rough description of Copenhagen as a whole, and, truth to tell, there is, with one or two slight exceptions, nothing particularly Scandinavian or unlike other towns about it. In fact, there remains nothing national about the style inaugurated under Christian, one of whose favorite artists was the son of Karel van Mander, the Dutch romanticist, who was thoroughly imbued with admiration for what may be called the ultramontane style, and who aided in the introduction to the extreme north of Europe of that international classicism which was to become an article of faith in Stockholm and Copenhagen in the following century.

How Academism invaded Scandinavian art, and was afterwards gradually eliminated by the return of scholars and artists to national traditions, resulting in the stamping out of all that was conventional and outworn, can be studied in the museums and private collections of Copenhagen. It was very well illustrated also in the interesting exhibition of 1888; and in this article I propose, with the help of the art treasures preserved in the city, if not exactly to give a history of the movement, yet to indicate its course.



HUSSAR OF THE DANISH GUARDS.

In creating the admirable Museum of Northern Antiquities, Ramsus, Nyerup, and his successor, C. J. Thomsen, aided much in directing attention to the fine monuments of the past in Denmark. The illustrious Worsaäe, who classified the contents of the museum, threw a flood of light upon the origin of Danish art and civilization, and reduced to a science what had previously been a mere collection of half fabulous traditions.



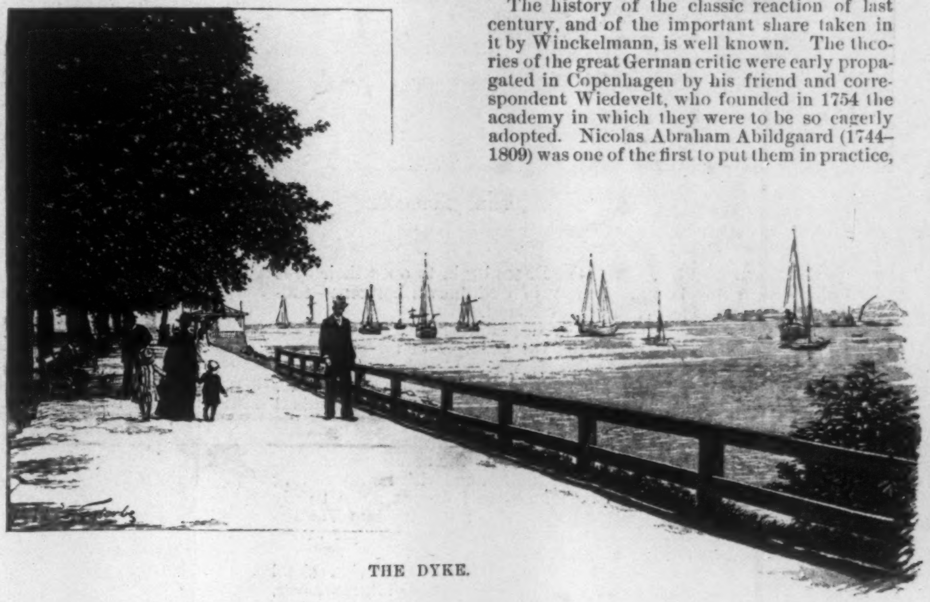
THE VOR FRELSER'S KIRKE.

Thanks to the zeal of inquirers and the scientific methods of the erudite, Denmark may be said to have learnt to know herself. She has fathomed the secrets of her own origin, and, as is the case with every nation whose independence is threatened, she has sought for something outside her political position on which to build up her individual character and her existence as a nation. This knowledge of what she has achieved in the past is to her alike a renewal of her youth and an earnest of her future progress. In the collections of the Prindsens and Rosenborg palaces the most remote ancestors of the Danes of the present day live again, and their very spirit is revealed to their descendants. Every stage of Danish prehistoric civilization and of history can be traced in chronological order in the Rosenborg Museum, from the time of the kitchen-middens, in which are preserved bits of broken pottery and fragments of the food of the men of the Stone Age, to that of the kings of the historic periods, who have left behind them their jewels, their weapons, their robes, their table decorations, etc. There, lying in their oaken coffins, are the warriors of the Bronze Age, the chief still wearing his hairy skin cap, his short petticoat, his woollen mantle, fastened on the shoulder with a wooden pin, and his upper garment of bullock's hide. Never can one forget the first impression made by the sight of these witnesses to the past, recalled from their long oblivion, with their household goods, and their jewels of gold and amber, their weapons and their harness still about them—these various relics exhibiting characteristics now purely local, now common to the Bronze Age, whether among the Celtic and Scandinavian races or the people of the Caucasus. Gradually the influence of the South begins to become apparent, and here and there we find a Roman form side by side with some purely barbaric ornament. But the basin of the Baltic, far removed as it was from the great routes of immigration and the currents of classic civilization, long retained the primitive customs of prehistoric times, and remained a home sacred to the unsophisticated heroes of the North.

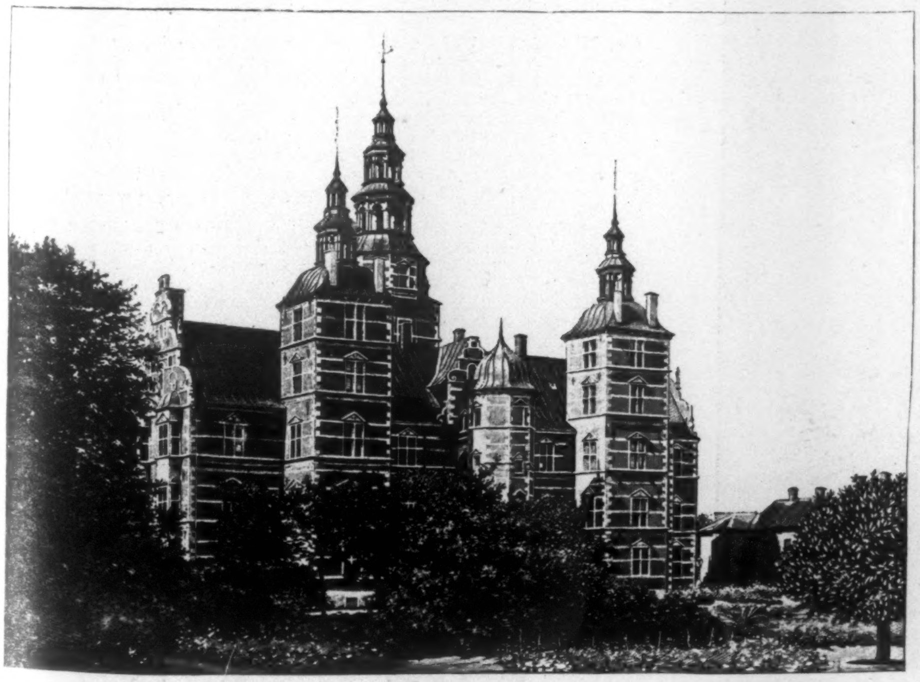
And now the hour had come when heathen Scandinavia, conqueror of Christian Europe, was to enter on an era of incomparable grandeur. The Vikings, on their return from their warlike expeditions to England, Ireland, and France, brought with them many costly treasures. Valuable objects, such as beautiful weapons, swords with jewelled hilts, weights for testing gold, gilded bronze harness and bridles, etc., abound in the tombs, and in the more recent are found with these earlier relics coins from Russia and the shores of the Caspian Sea, imported towards the end of the age of heathen domination.

At last, however, Christianity reached even the sons of Odin, and we witness the flight of their idols before the supreme God. But their resistance was long and bloody. When the stone churches of southern Europe were already crowded with worshippers prostrate before the Saviour, pagan traditions were still held sacred in Denmark, and missionaries had to compound with them. The only true natural Scandinavian architecture is that in wood, and even the first Christian churches were built of materials from the great native forests. According to Saxo Grammaticus, the church of Odensee, where St. Knut was assassinated, had *ligneos parietes*. It was, says another chronicler, *magnum ligneum templum, pluribus et magnis fenestris instructum.* When, in the twelfth century, the Bishop Otto of Bamberg went to evangelize Denmark, he was struck at finding castles and towns still built of wood; and it is with a very evident touch of native pride that the clerkly historian of the Röskilde Cathedral, who was to become the St. Denis of Denmark, notes that it was rebuilt *insigni lapideo tabulata.* Henceforth Danish art was to become, so to speak, tributary to that of foreigners, and it followed, at a somewhat later period, the successive stages of development in the rest of Europe. This is how it is that in Copenhagen we find, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, under Christian IV., the Dutch and German Renaissance style tempered by certain Gothic features.

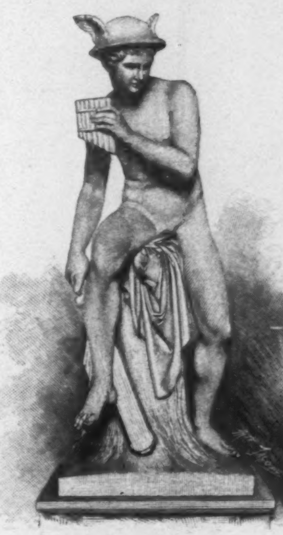
The history of the classic reaction of last century, and of the important share taken in it by Winckelmann, is well known. The theories of the great German critic were early propagated in Copenhagen by his friend and correspondent Wiedevelt, who founded in 1754 the academy in which they were to be so eagerly adopted. Nicolas Abraham Abildgaard (1744–1809) was one of the first to put them in practice, and he painted Greek heroes in the taste of the time. I do not know what his fellow-countrymen thought of his work, but to my French eyes it seems to belong to the very worst phase of the school of David, with lifeless figures rigid with the extra cold of the North, in what I may perhaps characterize as a frozen *pompier* style. But the impulse was given, and though students still flocked to Paris, it was only to follow the Parisians to Rome, so that when the young Thorwaldsen distinguished himself in the competitions at the Copenhagen Academy, it was to Rome he was sent. There he remained, and I must not say any more about his stay there now, as my business is to trace to its origin the truly national school which has lately sprung up in the North. And here I have to touch a very delicate question. The memory of Thorwaldsen and the work he left behind him are doubly sacred to every Dane, and his fellow-countrymen have rendered to him in the museum bearing his name the most reverent homage ever accorded to a great artist. It is impossible not to be struck with admiring respect in walking through this unique collection, where every statue has its *cella*, every bass-relief its right position in the best possible light; whilst beneath a single block of granite, in the midst of this select and secluded Campo Santo, full of his own



THE DYKE.



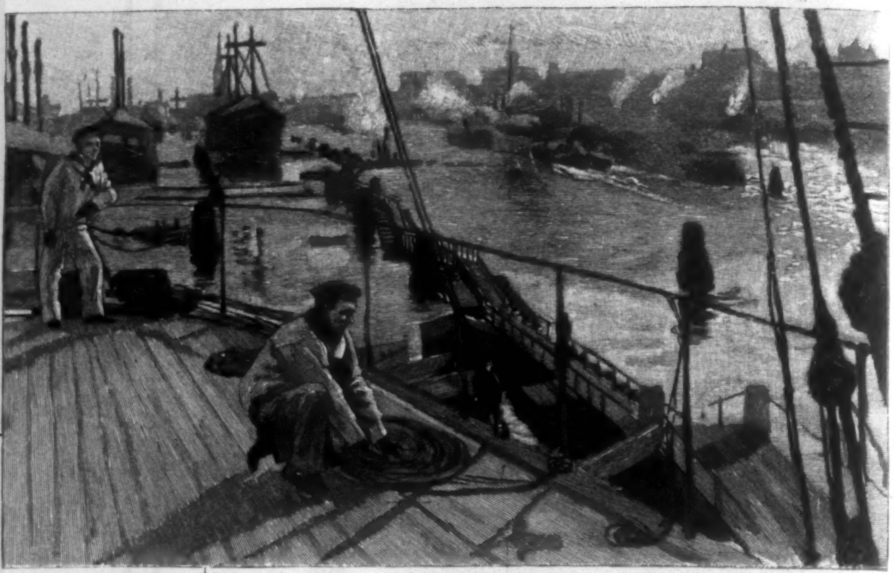
THE ROSENBORG CASTLE.



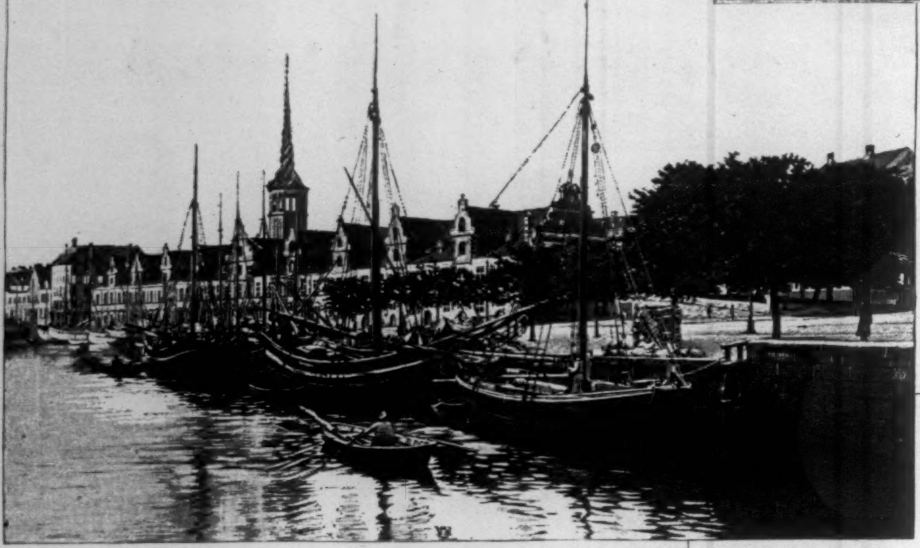
THORWALDSEN'S STATUE OF MERCURY.

masterpieces, sleeps the great artist himself. Truly it is more than a museum—it is a temple, sacred to the religion alike of art and of patriotism. But having said all this, it still remains a fact that the man who is the object of all this fervid admiration spent his life far from his native country, never drew from it his inspiration, but served foreign gods, even signing his name *Alberto* Thorwaldsen, like the man in one of Holberg's comedies who converted the berg (mountain) he inherited from his father into *Montanus*. No; Thorwaldsen did not—indeed he *could* not—leave behind him a native school; and not from him have Danish artists imbibed any of their special characteristics.

The day came when the people of Scandinavia realized that they were on the wrong track when they sought so far afield for the subjects of their work. The Views of Italy, Rapes of the Sabines, Temples of Vesta, and Destructions of Pompeii became less and less intelligible to the fellow-countrymen of the two or three generations of Danish artists who painted such scenes as these, and it was realized at last that it was high time to give some attention to the home country, so long considered unworthy to inspire a genius. And just as, after their passing passion for Romanticism, the worthy Dutch artists of the seventeenth century, cured of their love for ultramontane fashions, set quietly to work to portray scenes in their own country, so did the Danes begin to open their eyes and their hearts to the familiar beauty of well-known horizons—suddenly, so to speak, discovering their native land.



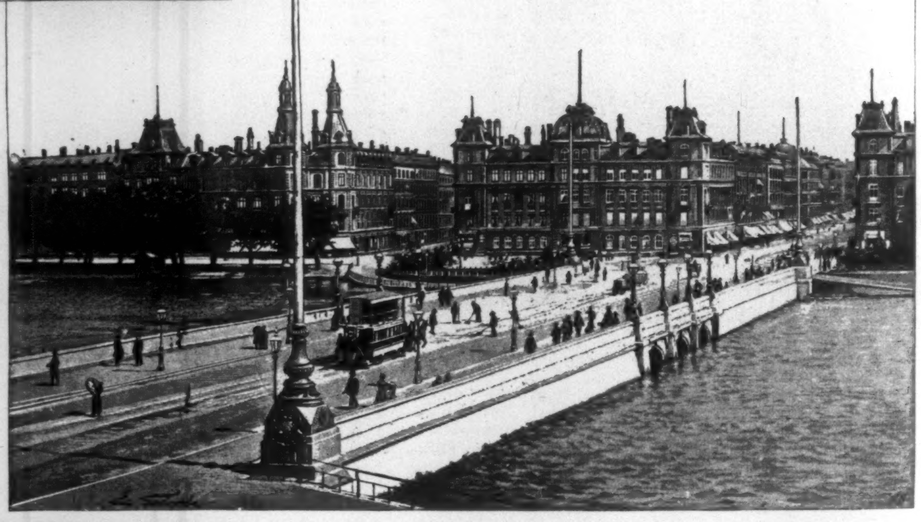
ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF COPENHAGEN.



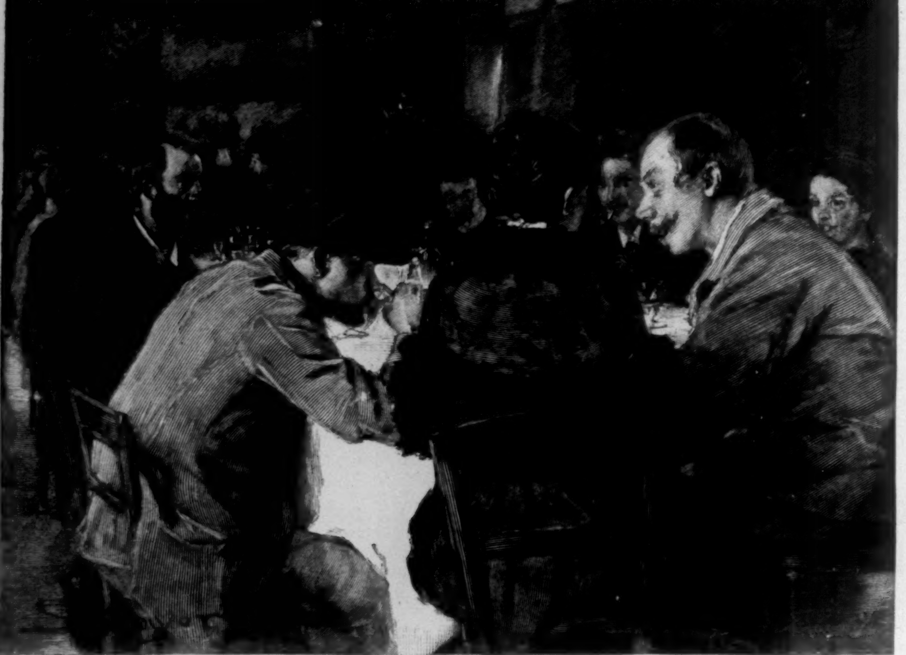
THE EXCHANGE.

One of the first to turn this discovery to practical account was Eckersberg, who died in 1853. Following the example of all his fellow-artists, he made the sacred pilgrimage, worked under David, and brought from Italy views of the Roman Campagna, with its ruins, etc., treated in the conventional manner. But he had always been inspired by an honest desire to do good work, and when he had no longer the wish, or perhaps the means, to travel, and was back in his own land, he made up his mind to give his whole attention to the scenes about him, henceforth taking all his subjects from the Sound, with its interesting shipping and seafaring population. Of course I do not mean to say Eckersberg was a great painter; he was neither the William Vandervelde nor the Backhuysen of Denmark, but he set an example of the right kind, and he was very soon imitated and surpassed.

There is no doubt that the members of the young Scandinavian school of art have all been to study in the Paris studios, and are all, moreover, ready gratefully to acknowledge what they owe to French masters; but, unlike their predecessors, they always meant to return home, and had no idea of being content with merely working up the collections of sketches made abroad. No; their aim was but to widen their experience by the study of other methods of painting, and they were fully determined to devote all their talent, all their enthusiasm, to their native land. And it is just this cordial sincerity, this open-hearted candor, which so fascinates us in their work. The mind is enthralled and the heart is touched by a nameless sense of freshness, youth, and loyalty, a certain moral force, a naïve and tender sympathy, such as is one of the chief elements of the realism characteristic of Northern races. We feel we are amongst honest fellows who love to study and to paint the familiar scenes of their native land, not so much with a view to introducing those scenes to us as from sheer delight in getting to know them more intimately themselves. Need we mention any names? There are plenty to choose from—Niels-Petersen Mols, Viggo Pedersen, Theodore Philippsen, Michael Therkildsen, and Brendekilde, Jharvald Kiss, Christian Zacao, Nils-Christian, Skovgaard, Julius Paülsen, Henningsen, Engelstedt, Jerndorff, Middelboe, Hansen, H. Tegner, Michael and Anna Anker, and, above all, Viggo Johansen and Peters S Kröyer. I know nothing more true, more full of faithful observation, or more skilfully executed than the interiors of Johansen; they are instinct with life and with sincerity; the artist is thoroughly *en rapport* with his subjects; we get a glimpse of the very innermost selves of the people who figure in these noble, virile, yet tender renderings of scenes of familiar every-day life.



THE NEW TOWN.



A FRIENDLY BREAKFAST PARTY.

And Kröyer catches with marvellous rapidity the fleeting but most characteristic and self-betraying attitudes and gestures of his fishermen and of the artists who meet in the pleasant little *réunions* at Skagen, which is to Danes what Barbizon was to French and Newlyn is to English artists. It is no use trying to make any one who has not heard it understand what the triple "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" is to the people of Scandinavia; but Kröyer almost makes us hear it in the masterly—may we say the *vibrating?*—picture which was exhibited at the Champ de Mars Salon in 1889; whilst in his "Departure of the Fishing-Boats" he called up visibly all the soft religious mystery, all the solemn, tender beauty, of night in the North.

Truly well do Scandinavian artists merit the sympathy and the gratitude of the rest of Europe for having lavished all this love, all this filial reverence and devotion, on their native land, and for having dedicated to it all the best efforts of their imaginations. To the old effete schools, given over to a sterile dilettanteism, they are alike a lesson and an example; for, after many and varied experiences, they have returned advisedly to the spontaneous instincts of nature, and are worthy of the honor of giving to their much-loved native land a school which may justly be characterized as grand.

André Michel

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.

THE ADVENTURE OF SILVER BLAZE.

"I AM afraid, Watson, that I shall have to go," said Holmes, as we sat down together to our breakfast one morning.

"Go! Where to?"

"To Dartmoor; to King's Pyland."

I was not surprised. Indeed, my only wonder was that he had not already been mixed up in this extraordinary case, which was the one topic of conversation through the length and breadth of England. For a whole day my companion had rambled about the room with his chin upon his chest and his brows knitted, charging and recharging his pipe with the strongest black tobacco, and absolutely deaf to any of my questions or remarks. Fresh editions of every paper had been sent up by our news agent, only to be glanced over and tossed down into a corner. Yet, silent as he was, I knew perfectly well what it was over which he was brooding. There was but one problem before the public which could challenge his powers of analysis, and that was the singular disappearance of the favorite for the Wessex Cup, and the tragic murder of its trainer. When, therefore, he suddenly announced his intention of setting out for the scene of the drama it was only what I had both expected and hoped for.

"I should be most happy to go down with you if I should not be in the way," said I.

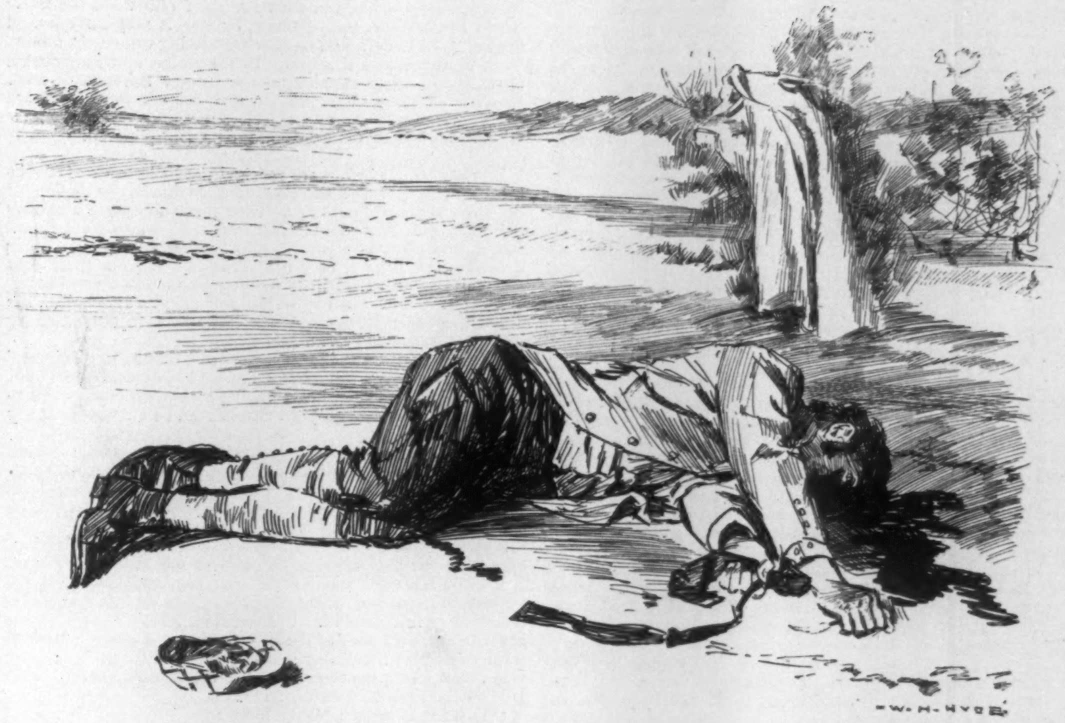
"My dear Watson, you would confer a great favor upon me by coming. And I think that your time will not be misspent, for there are points about the case which promise to make it an absolutely unique one. We have, I think, just time to catch our train at Paddington, and I will go further into the matter upon our journey. You would oblige me by bringing with you your very excellent field-glass."

And so it happened that an hour or so later I found myself in the corner of a first-class carriage flying along *en route* for Exeter, while Sherlock Holmes, with his sharp eager face framed in his ear-flapped travelling-cap, dipped rapidly into the bundle of fresh papers which he had procured at Paddington. We had left Reading far behind us before he thrust the last one of them under the seat, and offered me his cigar-case.

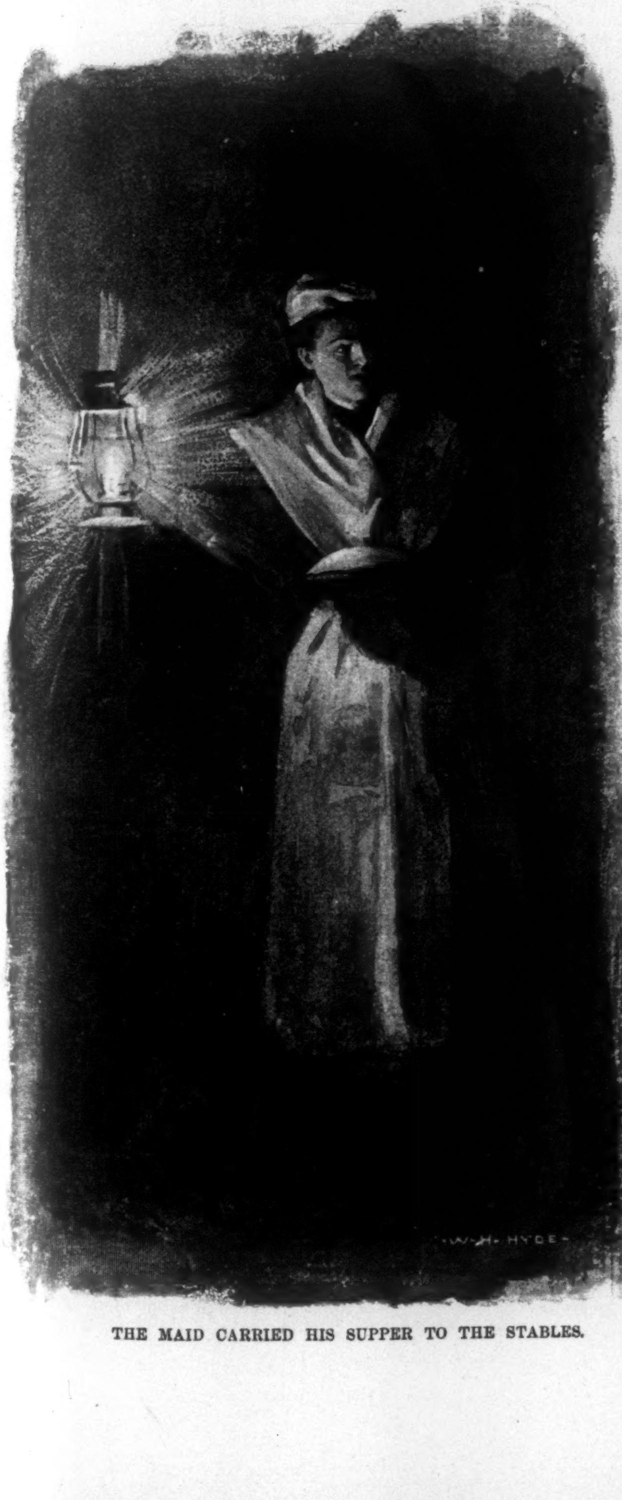
"We are going well," said he, looking out of the window and glancing at his watch. "Our rate at present is fifty-three and a half miles an hour."

"I have not observed the quarter-mile posts," said I.

"Nor have I. But the telegraph posts upon this line are sixty yards apart, and the calculation is a simple one. I presume that you have looked into this matter of the murder of John Straker and the disappearance of Silver Blaze?"



HIS HEAD HAD BEEN SHATTERED BY A SAVAGE BLOW.



THE MAID CARRIED HIS SUPPER TO THE STABLES.

"I have seen what the *Telegraph* and the *Chronicle* have to say."

"It is one of those cases where the art of the reasoner should be used rather for the sifting of details than for the acquiring of fresh evidence. The tragedy has been so uncommon, so complete, and of such personal importance to so many people, that we are suffering from a plethora of surmise, conjecture, and hypothesis. The difficulty is to detach the frame-work of fact—of absolute undeniable fact—from the embellishments of theorists and reporters. Then, having established ourselves upon this sound basis, it is our duty to see what inferences may be drawn and what are the special points upon which the whole mystery turns. On Tuesday evening I received telegrams from both Colonel Ross, the owner of the horse, and from Inspector Gregory, who is looking after the case, inviting my co-operation."

"Tuesday evening!" I exclaimed. "And this is Thursday morning. Why didn't you go down yesterday?"

"Because I made a blunder, my dear Watson—which is, I am afraid, a more common occurrence than any one would think who only knew me through your memoirs. The fact is that I could not believe it possible that the most remarkable horse in England could long remain concealed, especially in so sparsely inhabited a place as the north of Dartmoor. From hour to hour yesterday I expected to hear that he had been found, and that his abductor was the murderer of John Straker. When, however, another morning had come, and I found that beyond the arrest of young Fitzroy Simpson nothing had been done, I felt that it was time for me to take action. Yet in some ways I feel that yesterday has not been wasted."

"You have formed a theory, then?"

"At least I have got a grip of the essential facts of the case. I shall enumerate them to you, for nothing clears up a case so much as stating it to another person, and I can hardly expect your co-operation if I do not show you the position from which we start."

I lay back against the cushions, puffing at my cigar, while Holmes, leaning forward, with his long thin forefinger checking off the points upon the palm of his left hand, gave me a sketch of the events which had led to our journey.

"Silver Blaze," said he, "is from the Somomy stock, and holds as brilliant a record as his famous ancestor. He is now in his fifth year, and has brought in turn each of the prizes of the turf to Colonel Ross, his fortunate owner. Up to the time of the catastrophe he was first favorite for the Wessex Cup, the betting being three to one on him. He has always, however, been a prime favorite with the racing public, and has never yet disappointed them, so that even at those odds enormous sums of money have been laid upon him. It is obvious, therefore, that there were many people who had the strongest interest in preventing Silver Blaze from being there at the fall of the flag next Tuesday.

"The fact was, of course, appreciated at King's Pyland, where the Colonel's training-stable is situated. Every precaution was taken to guard the favorite. The trainer, John Straker, is a retired jockey who rode in Colonel Ross's colors before he became too heavy for the weighing-chair. He has served the Colonel for five years as jockey and for seven as trainer, and has always shown himself to be a zealous and honest servant. Under him were three lads; for the establishment was a small one, containing only four horses in all. One of these lads sat up each night in the stable, while the others slept in the loft. All three bore excellent characters. John Straker, who is a married man, lived in a small villa about two hundred yards from the stables. He has no children, keeps one maid-servant, and is comfortably off. The country round is very lonely, but about half a mile to the north there is a small cluster of villas which have been built by a Tavistock contractor for the use of invalids and others who may wish to enjoy the pure Dartmoor air. Tavistock itself lies two miles to the west, while across the moor, also about two miles distant, is the larger training establishment of Mapleton, which belongs to Lord Backwater, and is managed by Silas Brown. In every other direction the moor is a complete wilderness, inhabited only by a few roaming gypsies. Such was the general situation last Monday night when the catastrophe occurred.

"On that evening the horses had been exercised and watered as usual, and the stables were locked up at nine o'clock. Two of the lads walked up to the trainer's house, where they had supper in the kitchen, while the third, Ned Hunter, remained on guard. At a few minutes after nine the maid, Edith Baxter, carried down to the stables his supper, which consisted of a dish of curried mutton. She took no liquid, as there was a water-tap in the stables, and it was the rule that the lad on duty should drink nothing else. The maid carried a lantern with her, as it was very dark and the path ran across the open moor.

"Edith Baxter was within thirty yards of the stables, when a man appeared out of the darkness and called to her to stop. As he stepped into the circle of yellow light thrown by the lantern she saw that he was a person of gentlemanly bearing, dressed in a gray suit of tweeds, with a cloth cap. He wore gaiters, and carried a heavy stick with a knob to it. She was most impressed, however, by the extreme pallor of his face and by the nervousness of his manner. His age, she thought, would be rather over thirty than under it.

"'Can you tell me where I am?' he asked. 'I had almost made up my mind to sleep on the moor, when I saw the light of your lantern.'

"'You are close to the King's Pyland training-stables,' said she.

"'Oh, indeed! What a stroke of luck!' he cried. 'I understand that a stable-boy sleeps there alone every night. Perhaps that is his supper which you are carrying to him. Now I am sure that you would not be too proud to earn the price of a new dress, would you?' He took a piece of white paper folded up out of his waistcoat pocket. 'See that the boy has this to-night, and you shall have the prettiest frock that money can buy.'

"She was frightened by the earnestness of his manner, and ran past him to the window through which she was accustomed to hand the meals. It was already opened, and Hunter was seated at the small table inside. She had begun to tell him of what had happened, when the stranger came up again.

"'Good evening,' said he, looking through the window. 'I wanted to have a word with you.' The girl has sworn that as he spoke she noticed the corner of the little paper packet protruding from his closed hand.

"'What business have you here?' asked the lad.

"'It's business that may put something into your pocket,' said the other. 'You've two horses in for the Wessex Cup—Silver Blaze and Bayard. Let me have the straight tip and you won't be a loser. Is it a fact that at the weights Bayard could give the other a hundred yards in five furlongs, and that the stable have put their money on him?'

"'So, you're one of those d——d touts!' cried the lad. 'I'll show you how we serve them in King's Pyland.' He sprang up and rushed across the stable to unloose the dog. The girl fled away to the house, but as she ran she looked back and saw that the stranger was leaning through the window. A minute later, however, when Hunter rushed out with the hound he was gone, and though he ran all round the buildings he failed to find any trace of him."

"One moment," I asked. "Did the stable-boy, when he ran out with the dog, leave the door unlocked behind him?"

"Excellent, Watson, excellent!" murmured my companion. "The importance of the point struck me so forcibly that I sent a special wire to Dartmoor yesterday to clear the matter up. The boy locked the door before he left it. The window, I may add, was not large enough for a man to get through.

"Hunter waited until his fellow-grooms had returned, when he sent a message to the trainer, and told him what had occurred. Straker was excited at hearing the account, although he does not seem to have quite realized its true significance. It left him, however, vaguely uneasy, and Mrs. Straker, waking at one in the morning, found that he was dressing. In reply to her inquiries, he said that he could not sleep on account of his anxiety about the horses, and that he intended to walk down to the stables to see that all was well. She begged him to remain at home, as she could hear the rain pattering against the window, but in spite of her entreaties he pulled on his large mackintosh and left the house.

"Mrs. Straker awoke at seven in the morning, to find that her husband had not yet returned. She dressed herself hastily, called the maid, and set off for the stables. The door was open; inside, huddled together upon a chair, Hunter was sunk in a state of absolute stupor, the favorite's stall was empty, and there were no signs of his trainer.

"The two lads who slept in the chaff-cutting loft above the harness-room were quickly aroused. They had heard nothing during the night, for they are both sound sleepers. Hunter was obviously under the influence of some powerful drug, and as no sense could be got out of him, he was left to sleep it off while the two lads and the two women ran out in search of the absentees. They still had hopes that the trainer had for some reason taken out the horse for early exercise, but on ascending the knoll near the house, from which all the neighboring moors were visible, they not only could see no signs of the missing favorite, but they perceived something which warned them that they were in the presence of a tragedy.

"About a quarter of a mile from the stables John Straker's overcoat was flapping from a furze-bush. Immediately beyond there was a bowl-shaped depression in the moor, and at the bottom of this was found the dead body of the unfortunate trainer. His head had been shattered by a savage blow from some heavy weapon, and he was wounded on the thigh, where there was a long clean cut, inflicted evidently by some very sharp instrument. It was clear, however, that Straker had defended himself vigorously against his assailants, for in his right hand he held a small knife, which was clotted with blood up to the handle, while in his left he clasped a red and black silk cravat, which was recognized by the maid as having been worn on the preceding evening by the stranger who had visited the stables. Hunter on recovering from his stupor was also quite positive as to the ownership of the cravat. He was equally certain that the same stranger had, while standing at the window, drugged his curried mutton, and so deprived the stables of their watchman. As to the missing horse, there were abundant proofs in the mud which lay at the bottom of the fatal hollow that he had been there at the time of the struggle. But from that morning he has disappeared, and although a large reward has been offered, and all the gypsies of Dartmoor are on the alert, no news has come of him. Finally, an analysis has shown that the remains of his supper left by the stable-lad contain an appreciable quantity of powdered opium, while the people at the house partook of the same dish on the same night without any ill effect.

"Those are the main facts of the case, stripped of all surmise, and stated as baldly as possible. I shall now recapitulate what the police have done in the matter.

"Inspector Gregory, to whom the case has been committed, is an extremely competent officer. Were he but gifted with imagination he might rise to great heights in his profession. On his arrival he promptly found and arrested the man upon whom suspicion naturally rested. There was little difficulty in finding him, for he inhabited one of those villas which I have mentioned. His name, it appears, was Fitzroy Simpson. He was a man of excellent birth and education who had squandered a fortune upon the turf, and who lived now by doing a little quiet and genteel bookmaking in the sporting clubs of London. An examination of his betting-book shows that bets to the amount of five thousand pounds had been registered by him against the favorite. On being arrested he volunteered the statement that he had come down to Dartmoor in the hope of getting some information about the King's Pyland horses, and also about Desborough, the second favorite, which was in charge of Silas Brown at the Mapleton stables. He did not attempt to deny that he had acted as described upon the evening before, but declared that he had no sinister designs, and had simply wished to obtain first-hand information. When confronted with his cravat, he turned very pale, and was utterly unable to account for its presence in the hand of the murdered man. His wet clothing showed that he had been out in the storm of the night before, and his stick, which was a Penang-lawyer weighted with lead, was just such a weapon as might, by repeated blows, have inflicted the terrible injuries to which the trainer had succumbed. On the other hand, there was no wound upon his person, while the state of Straker's knife would show that one at least of his assailants must bear his mark upon him. There you have it all in a nutshell, Watson, and if you can give me any light I shall be infinitely obliged to you."

I had listened with the greatest interest to the statement which Holmes, with characteristic clearness, had laid before me. Though most of the facts were familiar to me, I had not sufficiently appreciated their relative importance, nor their connection to each other.

"Is it not possible," I suggested, "that the incised wound upon Straker may have been caused by his own knife in the convulsive struggles which follow any brain injury?"

"It is more than possible; it is probable," said Holmes. "In that case one of the main points in favor of the accused disappears."

"And yet," said I, "even now I fail to understand what the theory of the police can be."

"I am afraid that whatever theory we state has very grave objections to it," returned my companion. "The police imagine, I take it, that this Fitzroy Simpson, having drugged the lad, and having in some way obtained a duplicate key, opened the stable door, and took out the horse, with the intention, apparently, of kidnapping him altogether. His bridle is missing, so that Simpson must have put this on. Then, having left the door open behind him, he was leading the horse away over the moor, when he was either met or overtaken by the trainer. A row naturally ensued. Simpson beat out the trainer's brains with his heavy stick without receiving any injury from the small knife which Straker used in self-defence, and then the thief either led the horse on to some secret hiding-place, or else it may have bolted during the struggle, and be now wandering out on the moors. That is the case as it appears to the police, and improbable as it is, all other explanations are more improbable still. However, I shall very quickly test the matter when I am once upon the spot, and until then I cannot really see how we can get much further than our present position."

It was evening before we reached the little town of Tavistock, which lies, like the boss of a shield, in the middle of the huge circle of Dartmoor. Two gentlemen were awaiting in the station, the one a tall fair man with a lionlike hair and beard, and curiously penetrating light blue eyes, the other a small alert person, very neat and dapper, in a frock-coat and gaiters, with trim little side whiskers and an eye-glass. The latter was Colonel Ross, the well-known sportsman, the other Inspector Gregory, a man who was rapidly making his name in the English detective service.

"I am delighted that you have come down, Mr. Holmes," said the Colonel. "The Inspector here has done all that could possibly be suggested, but I wish to leave no stone unturned in trying to avenge poor Straker and in recovering my horse."

"Have there been any fresh developments?" asked Holmes.

"I am sorry to say that we have made very little progress," said the Inspector. "We have an open carriage outside, and as you would no doubt like to see the place before the light fails, we might talk it over as we drive."

A minute later we were all seated in a comfortable landau, and were rattling through the quaint old Devonshire city. Inspector Gregory was full of his case, and poured out a stream of remarks, while Holmes threw in an occasional question or interjection. Colonel Ross leaned back with his arms folded and his hat tilted over his eyes, while I listened with interest to the dialogue of the two detectives. Gregory was formulating his theory, which was almost exactly what Holmes had foretold in the train.

"The net is drawn pretty close round Fitzroy Simpson," he remarked, "and I believe myself that he is our man. At the same time I recognize that the evidence is purely circumstantial, and that some new development may upset it."

"How about Straker's knife?"

"We have quite come to the conclusion that he wounded himself in his fall."

"My friend Dr. Watson made that suggestion to me as we came down. If so, it would tell against this man Simpson."

"Undoubtedly. He has neither a knife nor any sign of a wound. The evidence against him is certainly very strong. He had a great interest in the disappearance of the favorite. He lies under suspicion of having poisoned the stable-boy, he was undoubtedly out in the storm, he was armed with a heavy stick, and his cravat was found in the dead man's hand. I really think we have enough to go before a jury."

Holmes shook his head. "A clever counsel would tear it all to rags," said he. "Why should he take the horse out of the stable? If he wished to injure it why could he not do it there. Has a duplicate key been found in his possession? What chemist sold him the powdered opium? Above all, where could he, a stranger to the district, hide a horse, and such a horse as this? What is his own explanation as to the paper which he wished the maid to give to the stable-boy?"

"He says that it was a ten-pound note. One was found in his purse. But your other difficulties are not so formidable as they seem. He is not a stranger to the district. He has twice lodged at Tavistock in the summer. The opium was probably brought from London. The key, having served its purpose, would be hurled away. The horse may be at the bottom of one of the pits or old mines upon the moor."

"What does he say about the cravat?"

"He acknowledges that it is his, and declares that he had lost it. But a new element has been introduced into the case which may account for his leading the horse from the stable."

Holmes pricked up his ears.

"We have found traces which show that a party of gypsies encamped on Monday night within a mile of the spot where the murder took place. On Tuesday they were gone. Now, presuming that there was some understanding between Simpson and these gypsies, might he not have been leading the horse to them when he was overtaken, and may they not have him now?"

"It is certainly possible."

"The moor is being scoured for these gypsies. I have also examined every stable and out-house in Tavistock, and for a radius of ten miles."

"There is another training-stable quite close, I understand?"

"Yes, and that is a factor which we must certainly not neglect. As Desborough, their horse, was second in the betting, they had an interest in the disappearance of the favorite. Silas Brown, the trainer, is known to have had large bets upon the event, and he was no friend to poor Straker. We have, however, examined the stables, and there is nothing to connect him with the affair."

"And nothing to connect this man Simpson with the interests of the Mapleton stables?"

"Nothing at all."

Holmes leaned back in the carriage, and the conversation ceased. A few minutes later our driver pulled up at a neat little red-brick villa with overhanging eaves which stood by the road. Some distance off, across a paddock, lay a long gray tiled out-building. In every other direction the low curves of the moor, bronze-colored from the fading ferns, stretched away to the sky-line, broken only by the steeples of Tavistock, and by a cluster of houses away to the westward which marked the Mapleton stables. We all sprang out with the exception of Holmes, who continued to lean back with his eyes fixed upon the sky in front of him, entirely absorbed in his own thoughts. It was only when I touched his arm that he roused himself with a violent start and stepped out of the carriage.

"Excuse me," said he, turning to Colonel Ross, who had looked at him in some surprise. "I was day-dreaming." There was a gleam in his eyes and a suppressed excitement in his manner which convinced me, used as I was to his ways, that his hand was upon a clew, though I could not imagine where he had found it.

"Perhaps you would prefer at once to go on to the scene of the crime, Mr. Holmes?" said Gregory.

"I think that I should prefer to stay here a little and go into one or two questions of detail. Straker was brought back here, I presume?"

"Yes; he lies upstairs. The inquest is to morrow."

"He has been in your service some years, Colonel Ross?"

"I have always found him an excellent servant."

"I presume that you made an inventory of what he had in his pockets at the time of his death, Inspector?"

"I have the things themselves in the sitting-room, if you would care to see them."

"I should be very glad." We all filed into the front room and sat round the central table while the Inspector unlocked a square tin box and laid a small heap of things before us. There was a box of vestas, two inches of tallow candle, an A D P brier-root pipe, a pouch of seal-skin with half an ounce of long-cut Cavendish, a silver watch with a gold chain, five sovereigns in gold, an aluminium pencil-case, a few papers, and an ivory-handled knife with a very delicate inflexible blade marked Weiss & Co., London.

"This is a very singular knife," said Holmes, lifting it up and examining it minutely. "I presume, as I see blood-stains upon it, that it is the one which was found in the dead man's grasp. Watson, this knife is surely in your line?"

"It is what we call a cataract knife," said I.

"I thought so. A very delicate blade devised for very delicate work. A strange thing for a man to carry with him upon a rough expedition, especially as it would not shut in his pocket."

"The tip was guarded by a disc of cork which we found beside his body," said the Inspector. "His wife tells us that the knife had lain upon the dressing-table, and that he had picked it up as he left the room. It was a poor weapon, but perhaps the best that he could lay his hands on at the moment."

"Very possibly. How about these papers?"

"Three of them are receipted hay-dealers' accounts. One of them is a letter of instructions from Colonel Ross. This other is a milliner's account for thirty-seven pounds fifteen made out by Madame Lesurier, of Bond Street, to William Derbyshire. Mrs. Straker tells us that Derbyshire was a friend of her husband's, and that occasionally his letters were addressed here."

"Madame Derbyshire had somewhat expensive tastes," remarked Holmes, glancing down the account. "Twenty-two guineas is rather heavy for a single costume. However, there appears to be nothing more to learn, and we may now go down to the scene of the crime."

As we emerged from the sitting-room a woman, who had been waiting in the passage, took a step forward and laid her hand upon the Inspector's sleeve. Her face was haggard and thin and eager, stamped with the print of a recent horror.

"Have you got them? Have you found them?" she panted.

"No, Mrs. Straker. But Mr. Holmes here has come from London to help us, and we shall do all that is possible."

"Surely I met you in Plymouth at a garden party some little time ago, Mrs. Straker?" said Holmes.

"No, sir; you are mistaken."

"Dear me! Why I could have sworn to it. You wore a costume of dove-colored silk with ostrich-feather trimming."

"I never had such a dress, sir," answered the lady.

"Ah, that quite settles it," said Holmes. And with an apology he followed the Inspector outside. A short walk across the moor took us to the hollow in which the body had been found. At the brink of it was the furze-bush upon which the coat had been hung.

"There was no wind that night, I understand," said Holmes.

"None; but very heavy rain."

"In that case the overcoat was not blown against the furze-bushes, but placed there."

"Yes, it was laid across the bush."

"You fill me with interest. I perceive that the ground has been trampled up a good deal. No doubt many feet have been there since Monday night."

"A piece of matting has been laid here at the side, and we have all stood upon that."

"Excellent."

"In this bag I have one of the boots which Straker wore, one of Fitzroy Simpson's shoes, and a cast horseshoe of Silver Blaze."

"My dear Inspector, you surpass yourself!" Holmes took the bag, and descending into the hollow, he pushed the matting into a more central position. Then stretching himself upon his face and leaning his chin upon his hands, he made a careful study of the trampled mud in front of him. "Hullo!" said he, suddenly. "What's this?" It was a wax vesta half burned, which was so coated with mud that it looked at first like a little chip of wood.

"I cannot think how I came to overlook it," said the Inspector, with an expression of annoyance.

"It was invisible, buried in the mud. I only saw it because I was looking for it."

"What! you expected to find it?"

"I thought it not unlikely."

He took the boots from the bag, and compared the impressions of each of them with marks upon the ground. Then he clambered up to the rim of the hollow, and crawled about among the ferns and bushes.

"I am afraid that there are no more tracks," said the Inspector. "I have examined the ground very carefully for a hundred yards in each direction."

"Indeed!" said Holmes, rising. "I should not have the impertinence to do it again after what you say. But I should like to take a little walk over the moor before it grows dark, that I may know my ground to-morrow, and I think that I shall put this horseshoe into my pocket for luck."

Colonel Ross, who had shown some signs of impatience at my companion's quiet and systematic method of work, glanced at his watch. "I wish you would come back with me, Inspector," said he. "There are several points on which I should like your advice, and especially as to whether we do not owe it to the public to remove our horse's name from the entries for the Cup."

"Certainly not," cried Holmes, with decision. "I should let the name stand."

The Colonel bowed. "I am very glad to have had your opinion, sir," said he. "You will find us at poor Straker's house when you have finished your walk, and we can drive together into Tavistock."

He turned back with the Inspector, while Holmes and I walked slowly across the moor. The sun was beginning to sink behind the stable of Mapleton, and the long sloping plain in front of us was tinged with gold, deepening into rich ruddy browns where the faded ferns and brambles caught the evening light. But the glories of the landscape were all wasted upon my companion, who was sunk in the deepest thought.

"It's this way, Watson," said he at last. "We may leave the question of who killed John Straker for the instant, and confine ourselves to finding out what has become of the horse. Now supposing that he broke away during or after the tragedy, where could he have gone to? The horse is a very gregarious creature. If left to himself his instincts would have been either to return to King's Pyland, or go over to Mapleton. Why should he run wild upon the moor? He would surely have been seen by now. And why should gypsies kidnap him? These people always clear out when they hear of trouble, for they do not wish to be pestered by the police. They could not hope to sell such a horse. They would run a great risk and gain nothing by taking him. Surely that is clear."

"Where is he, then?"

"I have already said that he must have gone to King's Pyland or to Mapleton. He is not at King's Pyland. Therefore he is at Mapleton. Let us take that as a working hypothesis and see what it leads us to. This part of the moor, as the Inspector remarked, is very hard and dry. But it falls away towards Mapleton, and you can see from here that there is a long hollow over yonder, which must have been very wet on Monday night. If our supposition is correct, then the horse must have crossed that, and there is the point where we should look for his tracks."

We had been walking briskly during this conversation, and a few more minutes brought us to the hollow in question. At Holmes's request I walked down the bank to the right, and he to the left, but I had not taken fifty paces before I heard him give a shout, and saw him waving his hand to me. The track of a horse was plainly outlined in the soft earth in front of him, and the shoe which he took from his pocket exactly fitted the impression.

"See the value of imagination," said Holmes. "It is the one quality which Gregory lacks. We imagined what might have happened, acted upon the supposition, and find ourselves justified. Let us proceed."

We crossed the marshy bottom and passed over a quarter of a mile of dry, hard turf. Again the ground sloped, and again we came on the tracks. Then we lost them for half a mile, but only to pick them up once more quite close to Mapleton. It was Holmes who saw them first, and he stood pointing with a look of triumph upon his face. A man's track was visible beside the horse's.

"The horse was alone before," I cried.

"Quite so. It was alone before. Hullo, what is this?"

The double track turned sharp off and took the direction of King's Pyland. Holmes whistled, and we both followed along after it. His eyes were on the trail, but I happened to look a little to one side, and saw to my surprise the same tracks coming back again in the opposite direction.

"One for you, Watson," said Holmes, when I pointed it out. "You have saved us a long walk, which would have brought us back on our own traces. Let us follow the return track."

We had not to go far. It ended at the paving of asphalt which led up to the gates of the Mapleton stables. As we approached, a groom ran out from them.

"We don't want any loiterers about here," said he.

"I only wished to ask a question," said Holmes, with his finger and thumb in his waistcoat pocket. "Should I be too early to see your master, Mr. Silas Brown, if I were to call at five o'clock to-morrow morning?"

"Bless you, sir, if any one is about he will be, for he is always the first stirring. But here he is, sir, to answer your questions for himself. No, sir, no; it is as much as my place is worth to let him see me touch your money. Afterwards, if you like."

As Sherlock Holmes replaced the half-crown which he had drawn from his pocket, a fierce-looking elderly man strode out from the gate with a hunting-crop swinging in his hand.

"What's this, Dawson!" he cried. "No gossiping! Go about your business! And you, what the devil do you want here?"

"Ten minutes' talk with you, my good sir," said Holmes in the sweetest of voices.

"I've no time to talk to every gadabout. We want no strangers here. Be off, or you may find a dog at your heels."

Holmes leaned forward and whispered something in the trainer's ear. He started violently and flushed to the temples.

"It's a lie!" he shouted; "an infernal lie!"

"Very good. Shall we argue about it here in public or talk it over in your parlor?"

"Oh, come in if you wish to."

Holmes smiled. "I shall not keep you more than a few minutes, Watson," said he. "Now, Mr. Brown, I am quite at your disposal."

It was twenty minutes, and the reds had all faded into grays before Holmes and the trainer reappeared. Never have I seen such a change as had been brought about in Silas Brown in that short time. His face was ashy pale, beads of perspiration shone upon his brow, and his hands shook until the hunting-crop wagged like a branch in the wind. His bullying, overbearing manner was all gone too, and he cringed along at my companion's side like a dog with its master.

"Your instructions will be done. It shall be all done," said he.

"There must be no mistake," said Holmes, looking round at him. The other winced as he read the menace in his eyes.

"Oh no, there shall be no mistake. It shall be there. Should I change it first or not?"

Holmes thought a little and then burst out laughing. "No, don't," said he; "I shall write to you about it. No tricks, now, or—"

"Oh, you can trust me, you can trust me!"

"Yes, I think I can. Well, you shall hear from me tomorrow." He turned upon his heel, disregarding the trembling hand which the other held out to him, and we set off for King's Pyland.

"A more perfect compound of the bully, coward, and sneak than Master Silas Brown I have seldom met with," remarked Holmes as we trudged along together.

"He has the horse, then?"

"He tried to bluster out of it, but I described to him so exactly what his actions had been upon that morning that he is convinced that I was watching him. Of course you observed the peculiarly square toes in the impressions, and that his own boots exactly corresponded to them. Again, of course no subordinate would have dared to do such a thing. I described to him how, when according to his custom he was the first down, he perceived a strange horse wandering over the moor. How he went out to it, and his astonishment at recognizing, from the white forehead which has given the favorite its name, that chance had put in his power the only horse which could beat the one upon which he had put his money. Then I described how his first impulse had been to lead him back to King's Pyland, and how the devil had shown him how he could hide the horse until the race was over, and how he had led it back and concealed it at Mapleton. When I told him every detail he gave it up and thought only of saving his own skin."

"But his stables had been searched?"

"Oh, an old horse fakir like him has many a dodge."

"But are you not afraid to leave the horse in his power now, since he has every interest in injuring it?"

"My dear fellow, he will guard it as the apple of his eye. He knows that his only hope of mercy is to produce it safe."

"Colonel Ross did not impress me as a man who would be likely to show much mercy in any case."

"The matter does not rest with Colonel Ross. I follow my own methods, and tell as much or as little as I choose. That is the advantage of being unofficial. I don't know whether you observed it, Watson, but the Colonel's manner has been just a trifle cavalier to me. I am inclined now to have a little amusement at his expense. Say nothing to him about the horse."

"Certainly not without your permission."

"And of course this is all quite a minor point compared to the question of who killed John Straker."

"And you will devote yourself to that?"

"On the contrary, we both go back to London by the night train."

I was thunderstruck by my friend's words. We had only been a few hours in Devonshire, and that he should give up an investigation which he had begun so brilliantly was quite incomprehensible to me. Not a word more could I draw from him until we were back at the trainer's house. The Colonel and the Inspector were awaiting us in the parlor.

"My friend and I return to town by the night express," said Holmes. "We have had a charming little breath of your beautiful Dartmoor air."

The Inspector opened his eyes, and the Colonel's lip curled in a sneer.

"So you despair of arresting the murderer of poor Straker," said he.

Holmes shrugged his shoulders. "There are certainly grave difficulties in the way," said he. "I have every hope, however, that your horse will start upon Tuesday, and I beg that you will have your jockey in readiness. Might I ask for a photograph of Mr. John Straker?"

The Inspector took one from an envelope and handed it to him.

"My dear Gregory, you anticipate all my wants. If I might ask you to wait here for an instant, I have a question which I should like to put to the maid."

"I must say that I am rather disappointed in our London consultant," said Colonel Ross, bluntly, as my friend left the room. "I do not see that we are any further than when he came."

"At least you have his assurance that your horse will run," said I.

"Yes, I have his assurance," said the Colonel, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I should prefer to have the horse."

I was about to make some reply in defense of my friend when he entered the room again.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "I am quite ready for Tavistock."

As we stepped into the carriage one of the stable-lads held the door open for us. A sudden idea seemed to occur to Holmes, for he leaned forward and touched the lad upon the sleeve.

"You have a few sheep in the paddock," he said. "Who attends to them?"

"I do, sir."

"Have you noticed anything amiss with them of late?"

"Well, sir, not of much account; but three of them have gone lame, sir."

I could see that Holmes was extremely pleased, for he chuckled and rubbed his hands together.

"A long shot, Watson; a very long shot," said he, pinching my arm. "Gregory, let me recommend to your attention this singular epidemic among the sheep. Drive on, coachman!"

Colonel Ross still wore an expression which showed the poor opinion which he had formed of my companion's ability, but I saw by the Inspector's face that his attention had been keenly aroused.

"You consider that to be important?" he asked.

"Exceedingly so."

"Is there any point to which you would wish to draw my attention?"

"To the curious incident of the dog in the night-time."

"The dog did nothing in the night-time."

"That was the curious incident," remarked Sherlock Holmes.

Four days later Holmes and I were again in the train, bound for Winchester to see the race for the Wessex Cup. Colonel Ross met us by appointment outside the station, and we drove in his drag to the course beyond the town. His face was grave, and his manner was cold in the extreme.

"I have seen nothing of my horse," said he.

"I suppose that you would know him when you saw him?" asked Holmes.

The Colonel was very angry. "I have been on the turf for twenty years, and never was asked such a question as that before," said he. "A child would know Silver Blaze, with his white forehead and his mottled off fore leg."

"How is the betting?"

"Well, that is the curious part of it. You could have got fifteen to one yesterday, but the price has become shorter and shorter, until you can hardly get three to one now."

"Hum!" said Holmes. "Somebody knows something, that is clear."

As the drag drew up in the enclosure near the grand stand I glanced at the card to see the entries.

Wessex Plate (it ran) 50 sovs each h ft with 1000 sovs added for four and five year olds. Second, £300. Third, £200. New course (one mile and five furlongs).

1. Mr. Heath Newton's The Negro. Red cap. Cinnamon jacket.
2. Colonel Wardlaw's Pugilist. Pink cap. Blue and black jacket.
3. Lord Backwater's Desborough. Yellow cap and sleeves.
4. Colonel Ross's Silver Blaze. Black cap. Red jacket.
5. Duke of Balmoral's Iris. Yellow and black stripes.
6. Lord Singleford's Rasper. Purple cap. Black sleeves.

"We scratched our other one, and put all hopes on your word," said the Colonel. "Why what is that? Silver Blaze favorite?"

"Five to four against Silver Blaze!" roared the ring. "Five to four against Silver Blaze! Five to fifteen against Desborough! Five to four on the field!"

"There are the numbers up," I cried. "They are all six there."

"All six there? Then my horse is running," cried the Colonel in great agitation. "But I don't see him. My colors have not passed."

"Only five have passed. This must be he."

As I spoke a powerful bay horse swept out from the weighing enclosure and cantered past us, bearing on its back the well-known black and red of the Colonel.

"That's not my horse," cried the owner. "That beast has not a white hair upon its body. What is this that you have done, Mr. Holmes?"

"Well, well, let us see how he gets on," said my friend, imperturbably. For a few minutes he gazed through my field-glass. "Capital! An excellent start!" he cried, suddenly. "There they are, coming round the curve!"

From our drag we had a superb view as they came up the straight. The six horses were so close together that a carpet could have covered them, but half-way up the yellow of the Mapleton stable showed to the front. Before they reached us, however, Desborough's bolt was shot, and the Colonel's horse, coming away with a rush, passed the post a good six lengths before its rival, the Duke of Balmoral's Iris making a bad third.

"It's my race, anyhow," gasped the Colonel, passing his hand over his eyes. "I confess that I can make neither head nor tail of it. Don't you think that you have kept up your mystery long enough, Mr. Holmes?"

"Certainly, Colonel, you shall know everything. Let us all go round and have a look at the horse together. Here he is," he continued, as we made our way into the weighing enclosure, where only owners and their friends find admittance. "You have only to wash his face and his leg in spirits of wine, and you will find that he is the same old Silver Blaze as ever."

"You take my breath away!"

"I found him in the hands of a fakir, and took the liberty of running him just as he was sent over."

"My dear sir, you have done wonders. The horse looks very fit and well. It never went better in its life. I owe you a thousand apologies for having doubted your ability. You have done me a great service by recovering my horse. You would do me a greater still if you could lay your hands on the murderer of John Straker."

"I have done so," said Holmes quietly.

The Colonel and I stared at him in amazement. "You have got him! Where is he, then?"

"He is here."

"Here! Where?"

"In my company at the present moment."

The Colonel flushed angrily. "I quite recognize that I am under obligations to you, Mr. Holmes," said he, "but I must regard what you have just said as either a very bad joke or an insult."

Sherlock Holmes laughed. "I assure you that I have not associated you with the crime, Colonel," said he. "The real murderer is standing immediately behind you." He stepped past and laid his hand upon the glossy neck of the thoroughbred.

"The horse!" cried both the Colonel and myself.

"Yes, the horse. And it may lessen his guilt if I say that it was done in self-defence, and that John Straker was a man who was entirely unworthy of your confidence. But there goes the bell, and as I stand to win a little on this next race, I shall defer a lengthy explanation until a more fitting time."

We had the corner of a Pullman car to ourselves that evening as we whirled back to London, and I fancy that the journey was a short one to Colonel Ross as well as to myself, as we listened to our companion's narrative of the events which had occurred at the Dartmoor training-stables upon that Monday night, and the means by which he had unravelled them.

"I confess," said he, "that any theories which I had formed from the newspaper reports were entirely erroneous. And yet there were indications there, had they not been overlaid by other details which concealed their true import. I went to Devonshire with the conviction that Fitzroy Simpson was the true culprit, although, of course, I saw that the evidence against him was by no means complete. It was while I was in the carriage, just as we reached the trainer's house, that the immense significance of the curried mutton occurred to me. You may remember that I was distrait, and remained sitting after you had all alighted. I was marvelling in my own mind how I could possibly have overlooked so obvious a clew."

"I confess," said the Colonel, "that even now I cannot see how it helps us."

"It was the first link in my chain of reasoning. Powdered opium is by no means tasteless. The flavor is not disagreeable, but it is perceptible. Were it mixed with any ordinary dish the eater would undoubtedly detect it, and would probably eat no more. A curry was exactly the medium which would disguise this taste. By no possible supposition could this stranger, Fitzroy Simpson, have caused curry to be served in the trainer's family that night, and it is surely too monstrous a coincidence to suppose that he happened to come along with powdered opium upon the very night when a dish happened to be served which would disguise the flavor. That is unthinkable. Therefore Simpson becomes eliminated from the case, and our attention centres upon Straker and his wife, the only two people who could have chosen curried mutton for supper that night. The opium was added after the dish was set aside for the stable-boy, for the others had the same for supper with no ill effects. Which of them, then, had access to that dish without the maid seeing them?

"Before deciding that question I had grasped the significance of the silence of the dog, for one true inference invariably suggests others. The Simpson incident had shown me that a dog was kept in the stables, and yet, though some one had been in and had fetched out a horse, he had not barked enough to arouse the two lads in the loft. Obviously the midnight visitor was some one whom the dog knew well.

"I was already convinced, or almost convinced, that John Straker went down to the stables in the dead of the night and took out Silver Blaze. For what purpose? For a dishonest one, obviously, or why should he drug his own stable-boy? And yet I was at a loss to know why. There have been cases before now where trainers have made sure of great sums of money by laying against their own horses, through agents, and then preventing them from winning by fraud. Sometimes it is a pulling jockey. Sometimes it is some surer and subtler means. What was it here? I hoped that the contents of his pockets might help me to form a conclusion.

"And they did so. You cannot have forgotten the singular knife which was found in the dead man's hand, a knife which certainly no sane man would choose for a weapon. It was, as Dr. Watson told us, a form of knife which is used for the most delicate operations known in surgery. And it was to be used for a delicate operation that night. You must know, with your wide experience of turf matters, Colonel Ross, that it is possible to make a slight nick upon the tendons of a horse's ham, and to do it subcutaneously, so as to leave absolutely no trace. A horse so treated would develop a slight lameness, which would be put down to a strain in exercise or a touch of rheumatism, but never to foul play."

"Villain! Scoundrel!" cried the Colonel.

"We have here the explanation of why John Straker wished to take the horse out on to the moor. So spirited a creature would have certainly roused the soundest of sleepers when it felt the prick of the knife. It was absolutely necessary to do it in the open air."

"I have been blind!" cried the Colonel. "Of course that was why he needed the candle, and struck the match."

"Undoubtedly. But in examining his belongings I was fortunate enough to discover not only the method of the crime, but even its motives. As a man of the world, Colonel, you know that men do not carry other people's bills about in their pockets. We have most of us quite enough to do to settle our own. I at once concluded that Straker was leading a double life, and keeping a second establishment. The nature of the bill showed that there was a lady in the case, and one who had expensive tastes. Liberal as you are with your servants, one can hardly expect that they can buy twenty-guinea walking dresses for their ladies. I questioned Mrs. Straker as to the dress without her knowing it, and having satisfied myself that it had never reached her, I made a note of the milliner's address, and felt that by calling there with Straker's photograph I could easily dispose of the mythical Derbyshire.

"From that time on all was plain. Straker had led out the horse to a hollow where his light would be invisible. Simpson in his flight had dropped his cravat, and Straker had picked it up with some idea, perhaps, that he might use it in securing the horse's leg. Once in the hollow, he had got behind the horse and had struck a light, but the creature, frightened at the sudden glare, and with the strange instinct of animals feeling that some mischief was intended, had lashed out, and the steel shoe had struck Straker full on the forehead. He had already, in spite of the rain, taken off his overcoat in order to do his delicate task, and so, as he fell, his knife gashed his thigh. Do I make it clear?"

"Wonderful!" cried the Colonel. "Wonderful! You might have been there!"

"My final shot was, I confess, a very long one. It struck me that so astute a man as Straker would not undertake this delicate tendon-nicking without a little practice. What could he practise on? My eyes fell upon the sheep, and I asked a question which, rather to my surprise, showed that my surmise was correct.

"When I returned to London I called upon the milliner who had recognized Straker as an excellent customer of the name of Derbyshire, who had a very dashing wife, with a strong partiality for expensive dresses. I have no doubt that this woman had plunged him over head and ears in debt, and so led him into this miserable plot."

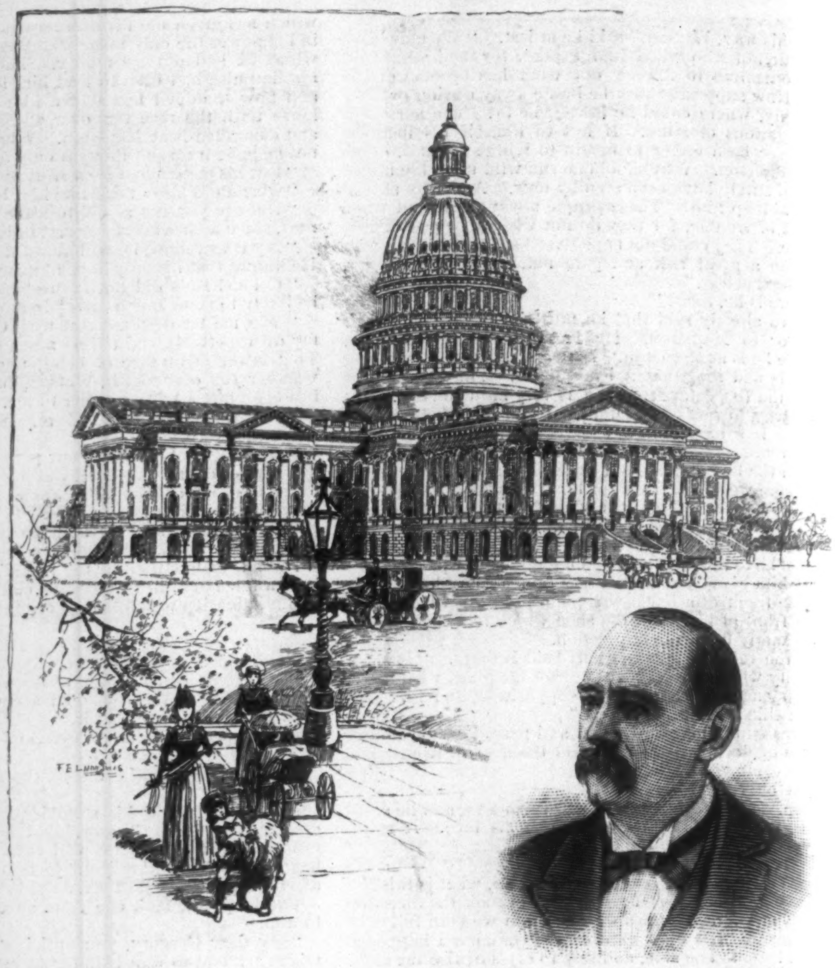
"You have explained all but one thing," cried the Colonel. "Where was the horse?"

"Ah, it bolted, and was cared for by one of your neighbors. We must have an amnesty in that direction, I think. This is Clapham Junction, if I am not mistaken, and we shall be in Victoria in less than ten minutes. If you care to smoke a cigar in our rooms, Colonel, I shall be happy to give you any other details which might interest you."

THE CRISIS IN KANSAS.

If the intelligence that has gone forth from Topeka, the capital of the State of Kansas, had reached the world from any South or Central American republic, everybody would have been prepared to say that a revolution had begun, and they would have expected that tidings of bloodshed and outrage on property would quickly follow the first news. To be sure, this is a revolution in Kansas, for it is extraordinary action not provided for in the law and unprecedented in the State. It was apparent last fall after the election that there was a possibility of trouble in Kansas, where the third party, known as the Populist party, had made a fusion with the Democrats, and had carried the State for General Weaver, the Presidential candidate, and for Mr. Lewelling, the candidate for Governor. Both of these candidates received an ample majority over their opponents. The canvass of the vote for members of the Legislature was not so simple. The State Board of Canvassers gave certificates to sixty-three Republicans for the House of Representatives, fifty-six Populists, five Democrats, and one Independent. In the Senate there was a clear Populist majority large enough to make the vote on the joint ballot of both Houses in favor of the Populists. This was important and interesting, because a United States Senator was to be elected to succeed Mr. Perkins, who had been appointed in the stead of the late Senator Preston Plumb. But there were other considerations which seemed to make it desirable that each of the dominant parties should organize the House in its own interests.

The House met on January 10th last, and each party attempted to effect an organization without regard to the members of the other party. The Populists maintained that the Canvassing Board had been unfair in issuing certificates of election, and had favored the Republicans. The Populists also maintained that in the district where there had been a tie vote the decision by casting lots was illegal and immoral, and therefore null. The Republicans had won in this game of chance. When the members of the House met together, each faction elected a Speaker, and each Speaker endeavored to exercise the functions of his office. For several days there was a reign of disorder, and the members and the two Speakers remained in the Hall of the House day and night. They slept in their chairs, and the rival Speakers behind the Speaker's desk, each with a gavel in his hand, wrapped themselves in one blanket, and slept side by side when they could no longer keep awake. It was an effort on each side to tire out the opposition.



THE KANSAS STATE CAPITOL AT TOPEKA. GOVERNOR LEWELLING.

The Senate and Governor both recognized the Populist organization, but this did not disturb the Republicans. Each side unseated members on the other side, so that there might be working majorities. The Populists also elected a State Treasurer, but he has not been permitted to take office.

On January 25th, by a combination of Populists and Democrats, Judge John Martin, the leader of the fusion forces, was elected United States Senator. He obtained the vote of twenty-five Populists and Democrats in the Senate and sixty-two votes in the House. Every man in the House not a Republican voted for him. He is now in Washington seeking to secure recognition as the legally elected Senator from Kansas. The Republicans denounced Judge Martin's election as illegal. Their votes were cast for Mr. Joseph W. Ady. He too is in Washington seeking recognition.

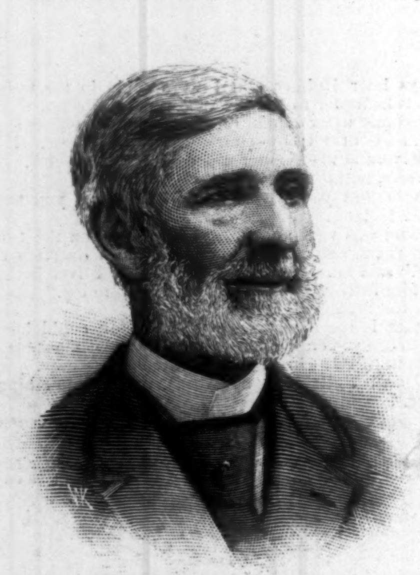
The Speaker of the Populist organization of the House some little time ago ordered the Republican organization to disband. The latter not only refused to do so, but put a guard of fifty men in the hall to prevent forcible ejection. On the 10th of February the Republican organization passed a resolution giving the Populists until the 21st of February "to declare their intention of becoming members of the legal House," and announcing that if the Populists failed to do this their seats would be declared vacant.

It was feared that there might be a collision at any time between these irreconcilable factions. It was suggested, so as to prevent this, that the House organized by the Populists should pass an appropriation bill, have this passed by the Senate and approved by the Governor, and then let the matter be tested in the courts. This did not meet with Republican approval, and it is not certain that the Populists were enthusiastic in its favor. So matters stood on the 15th of February, when the Populists placed guards in the State-house to prevent the Republicans from entering the Hall of Representatives. The Republicans, however, forced the guard, and finding the doors locked, battered them down with sledge-hammers. They took possession, and proceeded to transact business. The Republican Speaker used a sledge-hammer for a gavel, and the House voted it to him as a present, and as a memento of his stalwart prowess in battering down the doors of the Hall.

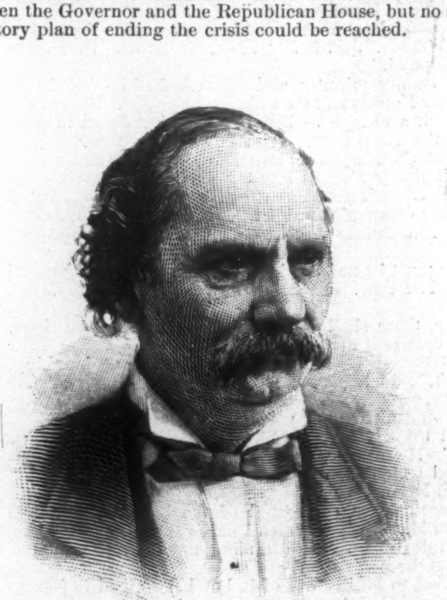
When the Republicans had secured possession of the Hall, the Governor called out the militia, and also enrolled a force of volunteers. The State-house was surrounded, and the Republicans in the Hall of Representatives besieged. They spent the night of the 15th of February there, getting supplies through the windows.

The sheriff of the county informed the Governor that it was not necessary to call out the militia, as the civil officers could preserve the peace. The Governor ordered the militia to disperse the Republican members and clear the Hall of Representatives. The colonel commanding refused to obey this order. The Populist House then met in a hall outside the State House. When this paper went to press people were flocking to Topeka from all parts of the State. The sheriff had sworn in 1000 special deputies, and armed them with baseball bats. Meantime there were conferences between the Governor and the Republican House, but no satisfactory plan of ending the crisis could be reached.

UNITED STATES SENATOR WILLIAM LINDSAY.
Mr. Carlisle's Successor.—[See Page 190.]



HON. JOHN L. STEVENS,
United States Minister to the Hawaiian Islands.—[See Page 175.]



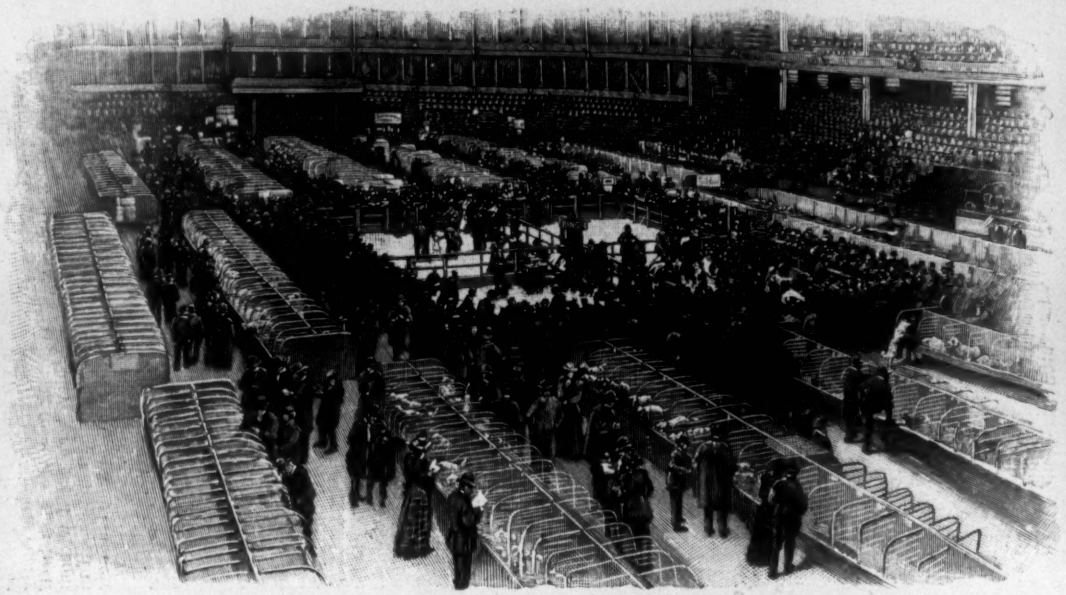
THE LATE DR. NORVIN GREEN.
From a Photograph by Sarony.—[See Page 186.]

WOODMANSTERNE TREFOIL.

CONRAD II.

ROBERT LE DIABLE.

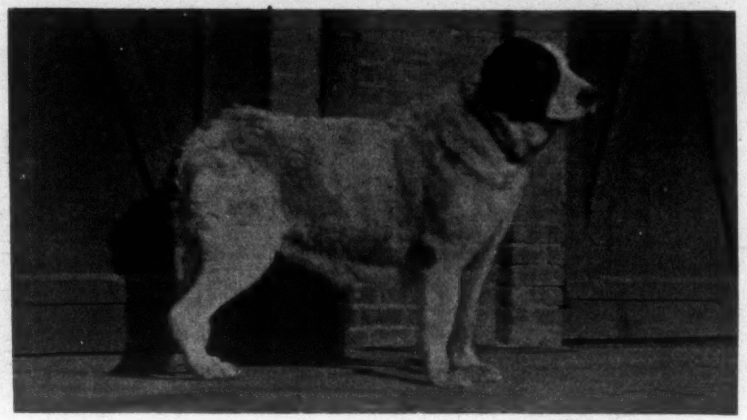
FENIAN BOY.



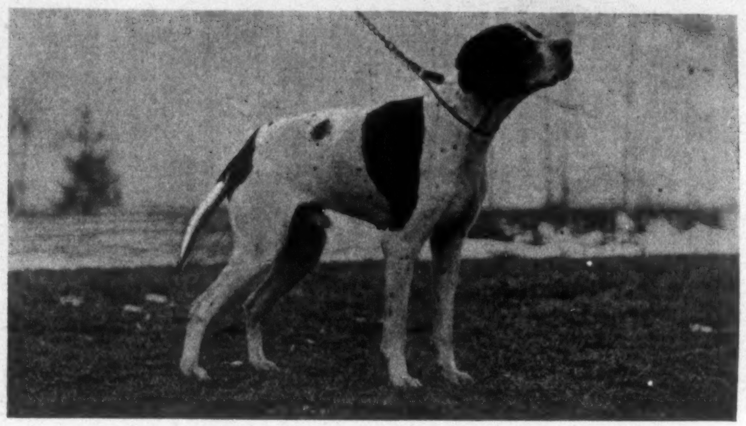
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SHOW.

SUFFOLK TOBY.

WOOLTON GAME.



BARONESS CARDIFF.



DUKE OF HESSEN.

AT THE DOG SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 190.]

WASHINGTON.

Upon the scroll of honor, year by year,
In shining letters written, we behold
The names of those whose glory grows not old,
Whose memories remain forever dear.

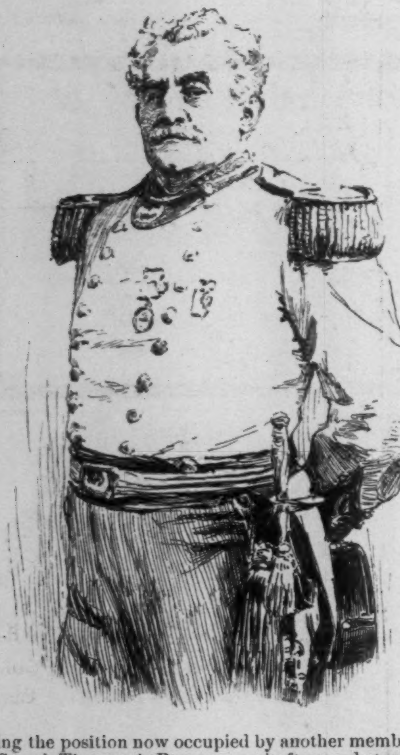
Foremost among the stars, the splendid sun
Who gave to Liberty her path of light
And led her hosts victorious through the night:
First of our nation's heroes—Washington!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

MAJOR GEORGE W. McLEAN.

The most picturesque organization in New York is probably the Old Guard, and wherever it is known the kindly presence of Major McLean is familiar to all. But that presence is but a memory now, for the commander of the Old Guard died on February 13th. Major McLean was visiting some friends after the Old Guard ball, when he was taken sick, and six days after he passed away, having developed pneumonia.

George W. McLean was born in New York city on the 16th of June, 1822. After studying at the common schools he attended the Columbia Grammar School, going thence into business. He was connected with the Ohio Life and Trust Company when it dissolved, and then went into brokerage, being at one time President of the Stock Exchange. He was Commissioner of the Street-cleaning Department, holding the position now occupied by another member of the Old Guard, Thomas A. Brennan, and afterwards took up the business of a broker once more. Major McLean was at one time very rich, but lost his fortune in the disasters of 1873. Later Comptroller Loew appointed him Receiver of Taxes, which post he held until his death. In 1868, when the Light Guard and City Guard became one under its present name, Major McLean was made commander, having served as Lieutenant in the Light Guard, which had been a company of the Seventy-first Regiment. In 1840 Major McLean was married, and a daughter and two sons, together with his wife, survive him. The body lay in state at the Old Guard Armory and later at Trinity Chapel, where the funeral services were held on February 17th.



Music and Drama

Only last week Milan was the Mecca of the musical world, toward which the eyes of all the faithful were reverently turned, while the great La Scala Theatre was the shrine upon which the most popular operatic composer of modern times was about to offer up his latest tribute to musical art. During the whole of his long life Verdi has been a prominent feature in the world of music, and a most important factor in the progress and development of that art. After the production of *Aïda* his muse was silent for nearly fourteen years, and the world was therefore justified in believing that age had probably silenced it forever. Then *Otello* was produced; certainly the most important operatic work since Wagner in many respects, possibly a work more significant and more important in its bearing on the future of operatic art than even any of the Wagnerian operas. In it, at an age when most men are justified in enjoying in peace and quiet whatever laurels they may have won, and at an age when the powers of even the greatest geniuses are generally exhausted or on the wane, the veteran composer successfully combined the truthfulness and sincerity of the Wagnerian methods with the melody characteristic to the Italian school, and thereby established a starting-point for a new line of operatic development. That *Otello* has as yet had no successor would seem to be due to the fact that no composer has yet appeared with sufficient strength of purpose to handle successfully the varied and complex material which Verdi used in *Otello*.

From all accounts the new opera, *Falstaff*, recently produced in Milan, made an emphatic and legitimate success. It is not, as might be supposed, a return on the composer's part to earlier methods, or, as compared with *Otello*, a step downward from the sublime to the ridiculous. *Falstaff* is avowedly a comic opera, and the music is intended to illustrate and reproduce the humor and comedy of the text, characters, and situations. For all this, *Falstaff* is a work which is still in the line of legitimate progress and development equally with *Otello*, but in a different direction and from a different stand-point. As far as one can judge at present, *Falstaff* is a music-drama in the Wagnerian sense, in that the music constantly reflects and illustrates the varying emotions of the personages and situations of the drama. The chorus is used most sparingly, and the music has such complete dramatic unity that single numbers, in the ordinary sense of detached pieces, do not exist. The libretto is arranged from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, with additions from the first part of *King Henry the Fourth*, and is divided into three acts and six scenes. While the music is called delightful and unfailingly humorous, it consists entirely of running dialogue between the various characters carried on to a brisk orchestral accompaniment, and though essentially melodious, is not apparently of a kind to attract lovers of mere tune. There is said to be a most Mozartian simplicity and freshness in the music, which would seem altogether to be intended to illustrate Verdi's belief that Wagnerian methods may be as truthfully and effectively applied to comedy as to tragedy. M. Maurel, who played the title rôle, was the only member of the cast known outside of Italy, with the exception, perhaps, of Madame Pasqua, who played Mrs. Quickly. Detailed criticisms of the opera have not as yet reached us, but the general opinion seems to be that it is a work calculated to increase its composer's reputation from every point of view, and was received with boundless enthusiasm, the composer being called before the curtain no less than thirty times during the evening. Altogether the production of *Falstaff*, written by a composer nearly eighty years old, was, in view of the significance of the work itself and the triumphant success it achieved, an event without precedent in the annals of music. It would appear as if in *Falstaff*, again, Verdi had successfully established a new point of departure for writers of comic opera.

The dramatic happenings of last week were not of notable importance. Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew produced a version of Dumas's *Francillon*, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, under the title of *The Marriage Spectre;* and Mr. Charles Frohman's company of comedians produced a farce, also after the French—and a long way after, too—entitled *The Sportsman*, at the Standard. The last-named play does not call for serious criticism. There is a good deal of bustle and very little plot in it, and, after the manner of most farce comedies of its kind, the fun is obtained by acrobatic rather than by intellectual means. It is, however, no worse than many of its class, and will probably please and amuse those who enjoy boisterous action on the stage, and love to see the characters tumble over each other, throw things at each other, rush in and out of closets, and wrap themselves in whatever covering happens to be handy for various purposes. There is nothing new in the story, which is the old one of the volatile husband, who leaves home for the purpose of amusement on the pretext of going on a shooting trip. Mr. Holland as the sportsman, and Mrs. Drew Barrymore as the suspicious wife, did all that could have been expected of them under the circumstances.

If Mrs. Potter's intentions be to elevate the stage, as has been said, her choice of plays is certainly a curious one. It may be all very well to say that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and that "turn and turn about is fair play" is certainly true enough, but the value of these principles, when applied to questions of morality, is certainly debatable. *Francillon*, or, as anglicized, *The Marriage Spectre*, discusses the question as to whether a wife, when she finds out that her husband has been unfaithful to her, is justified in taking her revenge by following his example. To American minds the question is one which would seem hardly open to much discussion, as two wrongs can hardly be held to make a right under any circumstances. From a literary stand-point, M. Dumas discusses the question with much cleverness and in good language, but as a play *Francillon* is neither amusing nor instructive, and is not likely to make any greater success here than it did in Paris, where it missed the dramatic bull's-eye of success by several inches. The mannerisms for which Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew are both remarkable are intensified to an unpleasant extent in *The Marriage Spectre;* both are capable of much better work, and it seems a pity that they should not be able to find a better vehicle for the display of their talents.

Mr. Henry I. Thomas, the New York agent of the J. B. Millet Company, of Boston, sends us the last four numbers published of their very interesting publication, *Famous Composers and their Works*. These four parts are even more interesting and valuable than the first four. Mr. Philip Hale treats of Mozart, Mr. J. K. Paine of Beethoven, Mr. John Fisk writes about Schubert, Mr. Henderson discusses Spohr, while Weber is treated by Mr. Krehbiel in interesting and scholarly fashion. Besides the admirable letter-press, the illustrations again are of great interest and beauty, and the several well-executed fac-simile manuscripts enrich the pages of the publication. When complete, the work should prove a most valuable addition to musical literature.

The musical events of the week were also few in number. M. Paderewski and the Adamowski Quartet gave a delightful concert of chamber music, which was enjoyed by a large audience. The playing of the Adamowski Quartet was admirable in finish, delicacy, sentiment, and refinement, while M. Paderewski, having hurt one finger, played just as well as ever with the other nine, and, as always, roused his audience to enthusiasm. His treatment of the piano in conjunction with the strings was masterly, and proved conclusively how the really great artist can efface his personality, as it were, in the interest of true art. The other important musical event was the first appearance in this country of Mr. Plunket Greene, an English basso, who possesses a voice of remarkable power, sonority, and sweetness, and who also sings with much artistic feeling and effect. Mr. Greene has appeared with great success in England, in concert, oratorio, and opera, and bids fair to duplicate here the success he has made there. He is certainly a finished artist in every sense of the term. The most important symphonic novelty heard in New York this season was the symphony in C minor by Klughardt, played at the last Philharmonic Concert. Mr. Klughardt is Kapellmeister and conductor of the opera at Dessau, the capital city of one of the smaller German principalities. His symphony has been given in several of the larger German cities with considerable success. Generally speaking, it is small in conception and large in execution, and while well written from a technical stand-point, is hardly either very suggestive or very interesting. In the language of an eminent German critic, "It is an eminently respectable work, but one which will hardly prove a lasting addition to symphonic literature." One is tempted to wonder why it is necessary for every German Kapellmeister to perpetrate a symphony or some other similar work; if they could be persuaded not to do so, the musical world would certainly be spared a vast quantity of music which, while it may be "eminently respectable," is usually eminently dull.

The sale of the Metropolitan Opera-house property to Mr. Roosevelt and other gentlemen may be considered as eminently satisfactory, from every point of view, in the interests of the public and of opera in New York. It is to be hoped that Mr. Roosevelt and his associates will look upon the matter from a strictly business stand-point, and having once more placed the opera-house in working order by rebuilding and restoration, will then lease the whole property to some reputable manager or managers, on condition that a season of opera should be given there each winter. Under the circumstances, the rent which the owners would be obliged to ask to cover the fixed charges need not be so excessive as to frighten off any enterprising manager, who might readily arrange to secure the property conditionally, and open a subscription for next season to the public without distinction or preference, in order to see what support would be given to the enterprise. Hitherto opera in New York has been controlled by a comparatively small section of society. This was inevitable, owing to the conditions under which the Metropolitan Opera-house was first built; but now there is certainly a chance for opera on a more popular footing. Former experiences would not, one would think, incline the present owners to form a stock company to run opera themselves, and it is, one would think, unlikely that they would do so. It would be certainly much better for operatic interests in general if the Metropolitan were in the hands of a competent manager, who, for his own protection, would have to run it to please the public, rather than to please a small coterie of stockholders. It is unquestionable that opera, to be permanent in New York, must be made popular, and this end could certainly best be attained by having the Metropolitan run by an independent manager, whose interests would then naturally be identified with those of the public who would have to support it. If Mr. Abbey decides to take the Metropolitan at his own risk, as is said to be more than likely, he would, one would think, have no difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of subscriptions to boxes for an opera season another year to practically limit his risk, and assure the success of the enterprise. Sir Augustus Harris has given grand opera in London for several seasons past with success in this way; why should not Mr. Abbey do the same thing successfully in New York?

Reginald de Koven.

DR. NORVIN GREEN.

If any man in the country can be said to have achieved his high position by his own unaided efforts, it may be said of Dr. Green, though his father, a man of considerable prominence in Floyd County, Indiana, gave him the start of a country school education in what was then a new country. Joseph Green, the father, was a native of Kentucky, and fought in the war of 1812 when only a boy. Soon after that war he married Miss Susan Ball, a farmer's daughter living near Louisville, and with her moved into Indiana, where he became one of the organizers of Floyd County. Here Norvin Green, their eldest child, was born on April 17, 1818. He was one of the earliest native born citizens of that county.

His father was a farmer, and Norvin was brought up to do farm work, getting his rudimentary education in the intervals of the busy seasons. Before he was sixteen his father invested all his belongings in a small fleet of flat-boats and their cargoes. One of these boats was loaded with such a stock as is usually carried in country stores, and was put in young Norvin's charge. The others, loaded with horses for the Southern market, the father took charge of. The result was unexpected. The father's fleet was partially wrecked, and he, after making his way to Natchez, was laid up with a dangerous fever, and while he was sick all the property he had with him was seized to satisfy a debt he had incurred as bondsman for an administrator. Norvin Green, however, traded along the river bank till he sold nearly all his goods at a profit, and when he found his father at Natchez sick in bed he had his pockets full of money.

He then started in life for himself. In three years he had paid off all his own and his father's debts and had bought a farm in Kentucky. He then decided to study medicine, and graduated at the University of Louisville in 1840, paying all his expenses out of money he had accumulated before beginning his course. For thirteen years he practised medicine in Kentucky, but took meanwhile great interest in politics, serving two terms in the Kentucky Legislature, and being a Presidential elector on the Pierce ticket in 1852.

It was not until about the year 1854 that he embarked in the business which has made his name famous all over the civilized world. The telegraph business was then in its infancy, and though it had been demonstrated to be a commercial possibility, the numerous companies that had been established all over the eastern half of the country were poorly equipped and wretchedly managed. It was foreseen, however, by a few far-sighted men that there was a great future in the new invention, and a syndicate was formed, in which Dr. Green was one of the leaders, to lease all the lines between Cincinnati and New Orleans.

Possibilities were then opening up rapidly. In 1857 Dr. Green came to New York for the purpose of organizing something very like what would be now called a "trust." He called together the presidents of what were then the six leading telegraph companies of the country, and laid before them a plan which he had already carefully elaborated. It was adopted, and was thereafter known as the Six-Party Contract.

In 1866 Dr. Green again took the lead in a "deal," so called, which resulted in the consolidation of all the parties to the original compact. The Western Union Company had the charter best adapted to the needs of the consolidation, and its capital stock was enlarged sufficiently to enable the different companies to exchange their own capital stock for that of the Western Union, and to work together thereafter in one corporation. As a matter of course, there was much negotiation necessary in the consummation of so great a bargain, and Dr. Green so distinguished himself in the settlement of points in dispute that he was soon selected as president of the consolidated company, a position which he held until his death, to the entire satisfaction of the company and the public.

Kentucky did not, however, propose to lose him. In 1867 his fellow-citizens in Louisville elected him to the State Legislature, and informed him of the fact next day as a surprise—a political honor that probably has no parallel, in American history at least. He served his term, and although he did not seek the place, came near being elected, in the course of the session, to the United States Senate. He had large railroad interests outside of the telegraph business, and was for a time president of the Louisville, Cincinnati, and Lexington Railroad.

Dr. Green was taken seriously ill during the first week in February, and on the 12th of the month died at his Louisville residence. For some time he had been unwell, and a year ago, at the annual dinner of the Western Union directors, expressed his belief that he would not be present at the next dinner.

He was always closely devoted to his business, and was daily at his office, giving personal attention to the details of it, and showing few traces of the years, that rested very lightly upon him. Sociable and genial in his characteristics, he was a favorite with all who knew him, but outside of his office and his home he had few established relations.

Among the employés of the Western Union Company the loss of Dr. Green is deeply felt, for he endeared himself to all with whom he was brought into contact. A large delegation from the general office were present at the funeral services, which took place in Louisville on Thursday, February 16th. At a special meeting of the directors a committee was appointed to draft resolutions of regret for the loss sustained by the company.

THE SYMS OPERATING THEATRE.

The progress of New York towards the front rank of the great cities of the world has been more signally marked, perhaps, in its growth as a centre for medical and surgical education than in any other one way. If it were not for the repugnance that Americans feel towards hospital treatment, New York would very soon have as great facilities for medical instruction as any of the cities of the Old World. It is true that the hospital service is growing rapidly, and it is also true that with the means at their command the hospital managers frequently cannot accommodate all who would seek these beneficent havens. But the majority of those who go to American hospitals now cannot be used before classes, and their treatment only gives experience to a limited number—to the hospital staff and the attending surgeons. A most general idea prevails even among those who are intelligent, but at whose homes there are not facilities for nursing the sick, that hospitals are places for experiments, and that medical students are permitted to try their apprentice hands in giving pills and potions or in performing operations. Nothing could be more untrue than this. The best skill, medical and surgical, is engaged in hospital practice, and the young men have not much more to do than to look on and watch what the masters are doing. And the trained nurses at these hospitals are under such careful discipline that it would be almost impossible for any of them to make a mistake. It is certainly very different nursing from that haphazard kind that prevails in most homes, where some kindly but ignorant soul, with a so-called gift for nursing, has charge of the sick-room, and carries out only so much of the physician's orders as the patient fancies. The effort, therefore, of those interested in the hospitals and medical schools of New York has been to impress upon the people the wisdom of using hospitals, and they have concluded that the quickest and most thorough way to do this is by making the hospitals attractive in appearance rather than repulsive. When the Cancer Hospital was built this was borne in mind, and the hospital was placed in a residence part of the town, while in its architecture it was stripped of everything that would make it look like a charitable institution. The most recent, and in some regards the most important hospital adjunct to be inaugurated in New York is in conjunction with the Roosevelt Hospital, and is called the William J. Syms Operating Theatre. When the late Mr. Syms was about to prepare his will he consulted Dr. Charles McBurney, the eminent surgeon, as to how he could leave provisions for an enduring monument to himself, and at the same time do a great service to suffering humanity. Dr. McBurney, who, besides being surgeon of the Roosevelt Hospital, is one of the professors of surgery at the neighboring College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, carefully elaborated this plan of an operating theatre, and Mr. Syms provided for its erection and endowment by leaving in his will a bequest of $350,000. The theatre has now been built and equipped, and is in daily use by the surgeons of Roosevelt Hospital.

No hospital, no medical school, has so complete a surgical adjunct as this. Everything seems so entirely ship-shape, and even elegant, that a well man visiting it would almost regret that he did not need a surgeon's assistance, so that he might take advantage of what has here been brought together to at once relieve individual distress and teach those who are to relieve the distress of others how that can best be done.

In surgery cleanliness is of the first importance, and so in designing this building every provision has been made so that filth may not defy the vigilance of the cleaners. There are marble floors and walls and stairways from top to bottom. There are rooms for the surgeons' various purposes—one where the patient is placed under ether before being taken to the operating theatre, another where bandages are sterilized, another where septic cases are operated on, and so on. Where septic cases are to be operated on there is a complete set of instruments, so that the slim chance of any poison remaining on an instrument after it has been cleaned may be reduced to a perfectly safe minimum. The main instrument-room, with its iron and glass cases, looks like a very well appointed museum. And of its kind so it is. The young surgeon who showed it to the writer rubbed his hands with delight as he looked at shelf after shelf of the beautiful pieces of steel which in skilful hands can be made to do so much to relieve suffering and prolong life.

But the theatre proper is the most interesting portion of the building, after all. The stage is the floor of the building, and there is the operating-table and space for the surgeon and his assistants to work. Rising above this are rows of seats. These rise so abruptly that from each seat a complete view of the operator can be had. There will be no need for the spectators to crowd to the front or lean forward. Each one has but to look downward and everything is in view.

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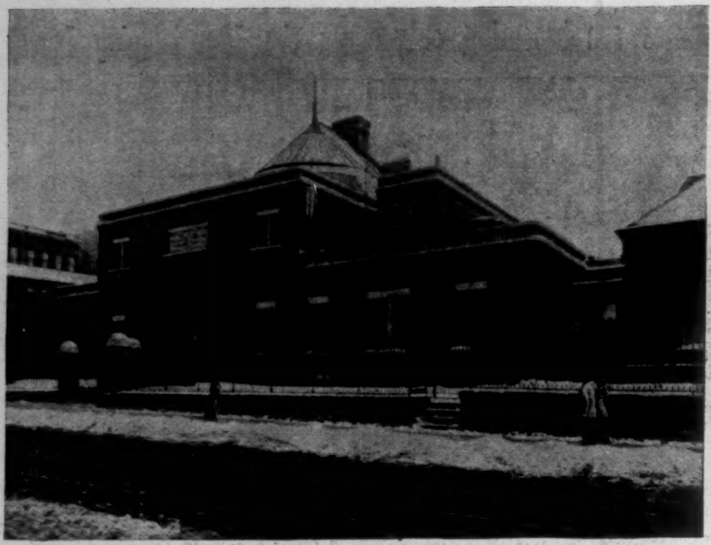
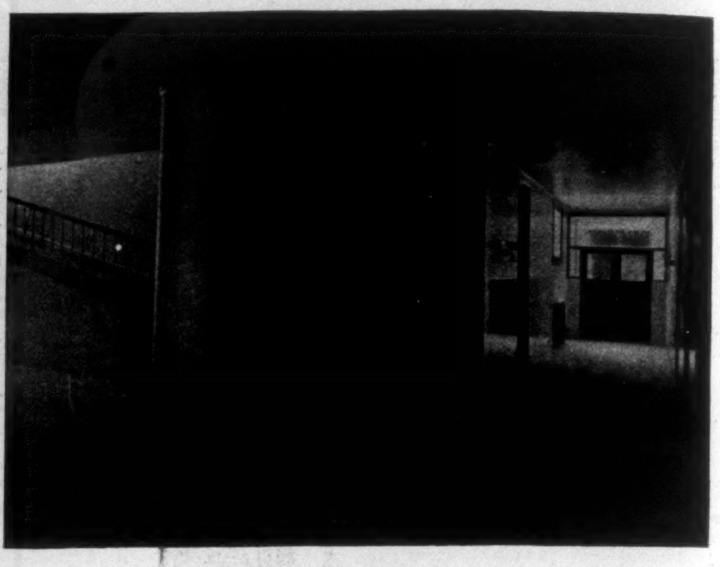
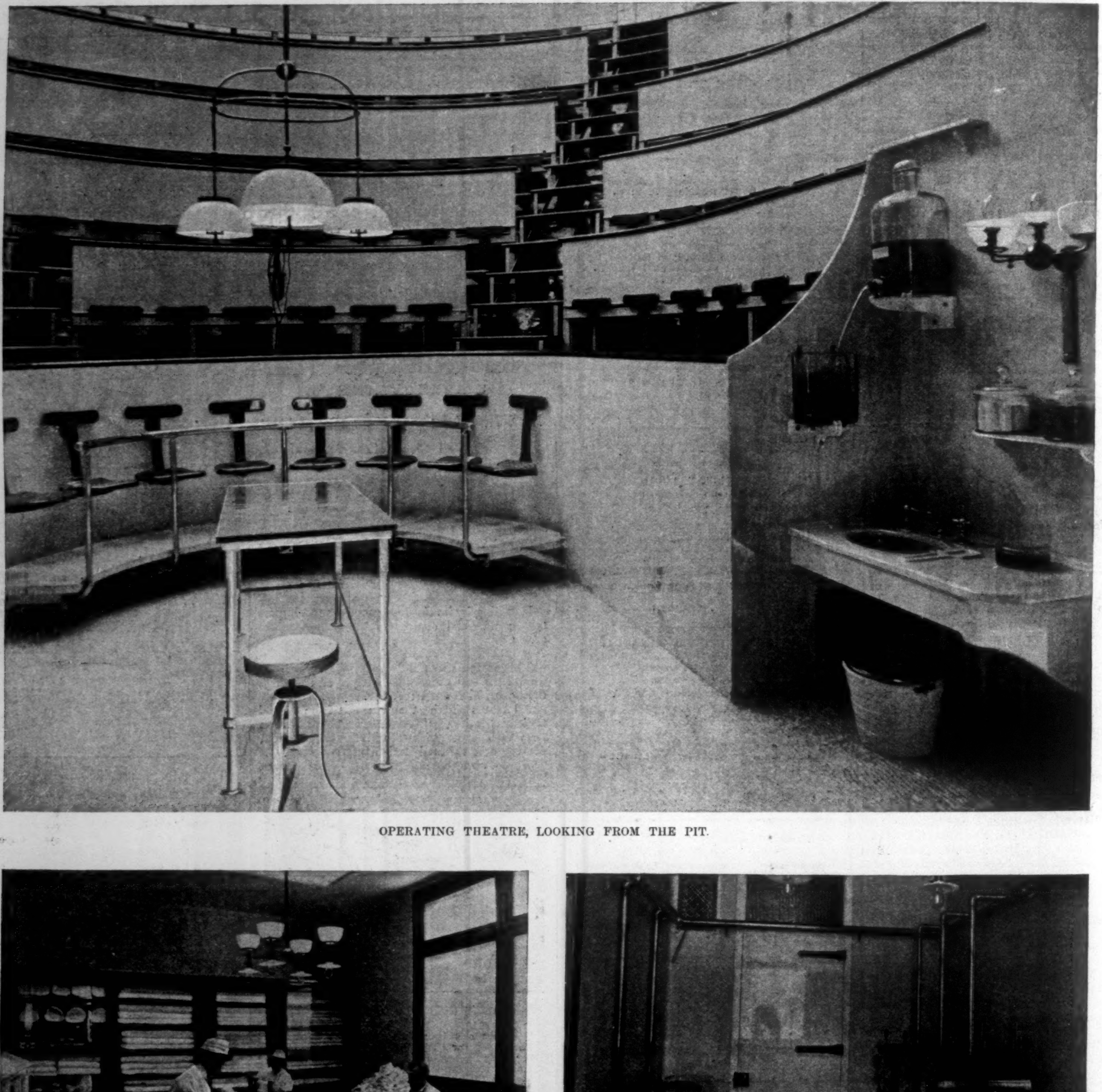


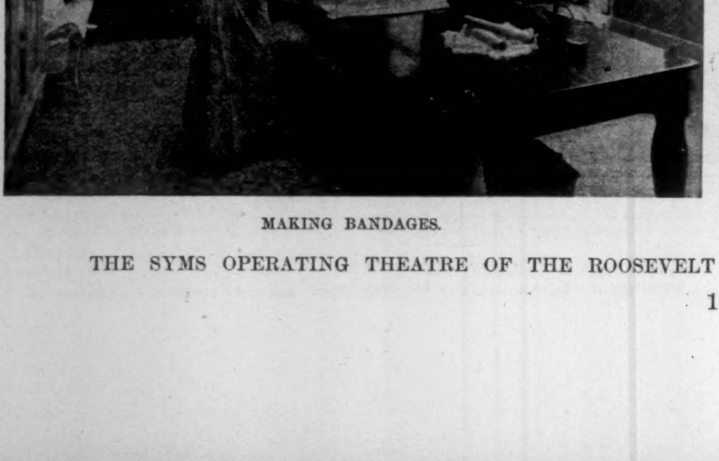
EXTERIOR ON WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET.



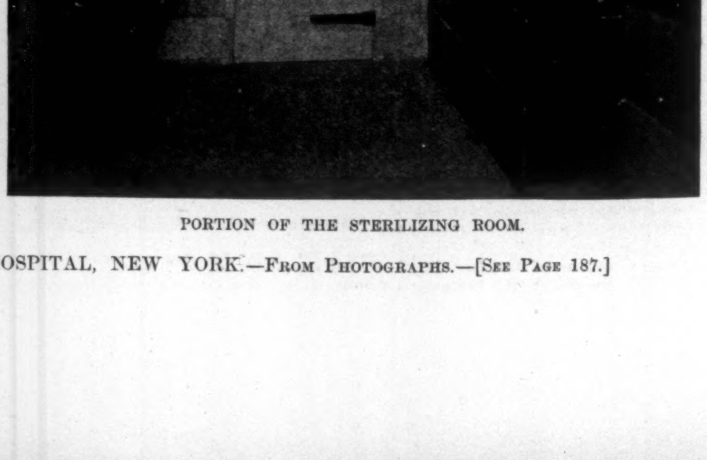
VIEW OF THE MAIN HALL,
Showing inclined plane on which patients are brought down to the operating theatre.



OPERATING THEATRE, LOOKING FROM THE PIT.



MAKING BANDAGES.



PORTION OF THE STERILIZING ROOM.

THE SYMS OPERATING THEATRE OF THE ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 187.]

SYRUP of FIGS.

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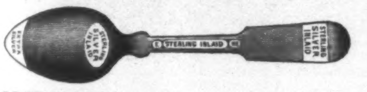

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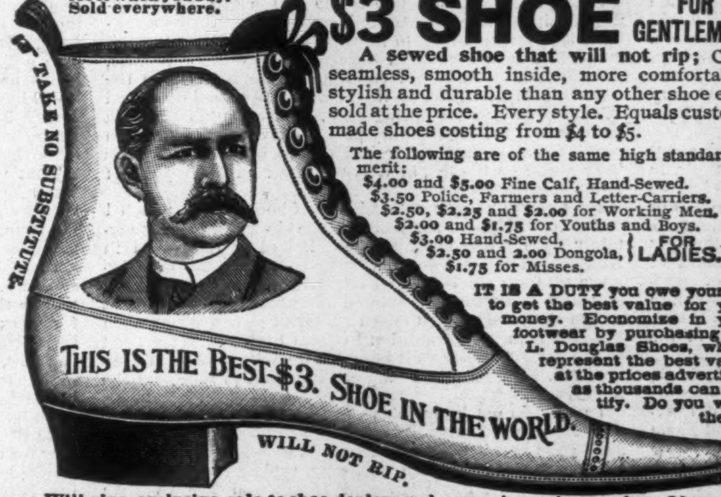
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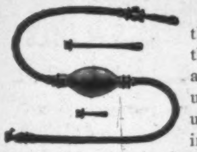

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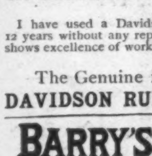

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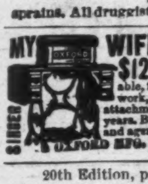

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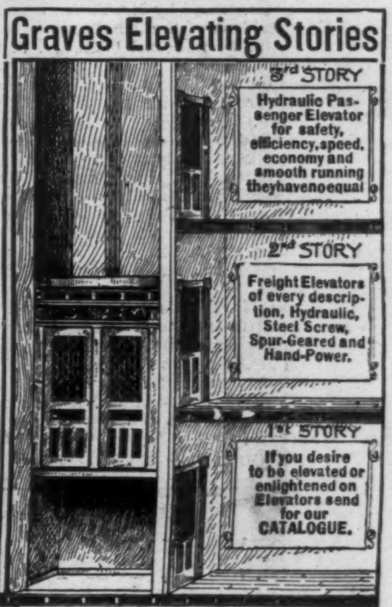

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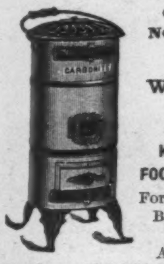

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William Lindsay, who was elected by the Kentucky Legislature on February 14th to succeed John G. Carlisle in the United States Senate, had previously received the unanimous vote of the Democratic caucus. He is a Virginian, a native of Rockbridge County, where he was born, of Scotch-Irish parentage, September 4, 1835. When nineteen years old he went to Kentucky, where he studied and practised law until the outbreak of the civil war, when he entered the Confederate army, serving as captain in line and staff. He surrendered at Columbus, Mississippi, in 1865, and returning home, resumed the practice of law.

He was elected to the State Senate in 1867; and in 1870, when only thirty-five years of age, was elected a judge of the Court of Appeals, the highest court in the State. At the completion of his term on the bench he resumed his law practice at the State capital, and is recognized as the foremost lawyer in the State. He was appointed by President Harrison one of the commissioners of the World's Columbian Exposition, and went abroad in that capacity to enlist foreign governments in the great enterprise. Without solicitation on his part, the President also appointed Judge Lindsay a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, a place which he declined to accept.

The new Senator is a strong man physically, a deep thinker, and in politics he is in full sympathy with Mr. Cleveland, whose nomination and election he strongly favored, and whose administration he will earnestly support.

THE HEMPSTEAD FARM KENNELS.

This is the week of the annual grand powwow in dogdom, the seventeenth annual Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, and is no doubt the best of all the great shows this leading club has given, which is a proof of its immense educational influence in regard to the appreciation and merits of thoroughbred dogs. I say thoroughbred in the full sense of its meaning, as there are no better and bluer pedigrees of any king of the turf than those found in the first-class winners in these bench shows.

One of the most prominent exhibits of this year will be, as it has been many years before, the collection of the Hempstead Farm kennels. The Hempstead Farm is really such a unique feature in the kennel world of America that it will interest many more readers than the "boys"—which is a name given dog-lovers and dog-fanciers by the fraternity. The kennel is owned by Mr. Thomas H. Terry, who is also the vice-president of the American Kennel Club, secretary of the Westminster Kennel Club, and in a number of specialty clubs a leading member.

Situated on the Hempstead plains, on Long Island, about three miles from Westbury, it is such a gigantic affair, in its way, that it is a subject of interest to any one who follows any sport closely, be it dogs, horses, cattle, or poultry. For all these are kept and bred there according to the most approved methods. Mr. Terry, assisted by one of the best judges of dogs, Mr. James Mortimer, the able manager of the Hempstead Farm, has collected such a number of specimens of the different breeds that he is almost sure to win in all the classes he enters. For this reason, I say, the Hempstead Farm kennels really have a unique position in the kennel world.

Of course, Mr. Terry's first canine love, the Scotch collie, is the principal feature, Hempstead Farm having become almost synonymous with collie. Of late, because it interfered with Mr. Terry's other business, the Hempstead Farm has not been as successful in collies as formerly; but now that Mr. Mortimer has put his ability at Mr. Terry's disposal, the collies are expected to be foremost again. The present grand brace of stud-collies are Conrad II. (Charlemagne *ex* Grace III.), a wonderful rich sable dog, with a very fine head, and Woodmansterne Trefoil (Charlemagne *ex* Dorothy), one of the sweetest black, tan, and white collies I have ever seen. Both dams are litter sisters to the great Christopher. Besides this pair there is Hempstead Zulu, an own-bred dog, who is very valuable for his blood.

It is a very fine sight to stand on the manager's front stoop and see a dozen or more of the best collies frolicking and galloping with terriers of all kinds, Dachshunde, great Danes, pointers, and others. That alone is worth the journey, and never to be forgotten, once seen.

The stud-pointers of the kennel, which can hardly be excelled, both for field qualities and form, are champion Robert le Diable, one of the handsomest pointers ever produced, and champion Duke of Hessen, who has a record in field trials and bench shows which has hardly been equalled.

To name all the prizes of these two celebrated pointers would be tedious. Suffice it to say that Robert le Diable has won no less than fourteen or fifteen firsts and challenge prizes, and innumerable specials, as well as first prize at the Eastern field trials of 1886.

Duke of Hessen has even a more brilliant record, especially so in trials, where his indomitable pluck has many a time carried him to the front; but his bench show is even better. He won 3d Southern Trials of '88, 2d at Central Trials of '89, 2d Eastern Trials of '90, and 2d again at the Central Trials of '91, with over 15 firsts in open and challenge classes—specials too numerous to mention. Their latest acquisition in pointers is from Mr. E. C. Norrith's kennel, one of the foremost breeders of the highest class of pointers in England, namely, Sandford Druid, a racy dog by Exon Don *ex* Sandford Quinie, better made for field-trial work than for bench showing, where his celebrated kennelmates will always discount him; but he won 1st in the English Pointer Derby when less than a year old, and kept his reputation up in this country by winning 3d at the Central Trials of '92. This is a very good showing for a first-season dog, since it takes quite a time to get imported dogs thoroughly acclimated to the scent of American game, and he will no doubt be one of the most dangerous competitors in this year's trials, specially so in the hands of that astute trainer for the Hempstead Farm, Angus Cameron, formerly with Sir Heywood Lonsdale, for whom he won a couple of pointers in the American Trials.

Champion Woolton Game is one of the greatest heavyweight bitches in existence, and, barring a bit heavy markings, it is useless to try to improve on her. I do not think her colors have ever been lowered by any other pointer, provided she was in fair condition. She won 4th at the Eastern field trials, and no doubt would have had more had she not been used for raising pups. There are, of course, a number of other high-quality pointers at the kennels, and in North Carolina, in their trainer's hand, but this quartet is 'way ahead on the list, as it is very near on the top list of pointers generally.

Next comes Zmeika, a Russian wolf-hound bitch, which I feel sure will prove my word, at the show, that she is certainly by far and away the best hound of this breed in America. I think, condition being equal, she can give Argos a beating; she is a wonderfully large, well-proportioned animal, white with slate-colored markings, coat at present not good, as she has just raised a litter of puppies; but when her coat is in good condition I expect her to be at the head of the list. Another wolf-hound, Muscovite, winner in England too, is just now crossing the big pond to represent the kennels.

I really do not know where to turn next. The *embarras de richesse* is so immense that it is puzzling; so many and such good specimens everywhere. There are, for instance, two curly-coated English retrievers, typical representatives of their breed, Physician and Hempstead Jet, frequent winners in England; then a quaint-looking drover's dog, the kind cattle-drivers use in England; Hempstead Bob, the well-known old English sheep-dog, by Dr. Loks's Sir Cavendish; next two smooth-coated collies used principally by Welsh herders, Bluelight and Hempstead Maid, and an exceedingly good light-weight bull-dog, Wal Hampton, one of those fascinating pictures of ugliness so typical that any dog-fancier will call it beautiful. He is a rare good one, by Champion Harper, and won on his first appearance first honors at Brooklyn last fall. There is also a very good specimen of our little German demon, the Dachshund, Tak, a very good-headed dog, very low and long, good crook, and excellent in color, black and tan. He will no doubt hold his own in the best of company. Here is my old favorite, Suffolk Toby, a grand wire-haired terrier, full of type, quality, and character, and will no doubt carry off the champion honors in his division. Another little terrier, this time a smooth-coat, only a youngster, Suffolk Regent, took my eye very much, and I should be very much mistaken if he is not making a strong bid for Mr. John Thayer's one-hundred-dollar special for best produce of one of his stud dogs. He is by Harden's King *ex* Incognita. Next is one of these typical Irish terriers, Fenian Boy, *game* written all over him, as with most of this hardy breed.

The kennels have lately purchased a fine pair of Great Danes from Germany—Cæsar Hansa, first at Berlin, and Santa Valeria, also a winner. Such dogs as these will bring this shamefully neglected class quickly to favor where they belong, being the best big race we have, and, barring some low-bred specimens, are the most intelligent and reliable class of protectors of the canine tribe. There are, of course, any number and many kinds of dogs in the kennels besides those named, about 150 in all, and there is room for more.

The kennels are excellently arranged—cemented floors, so as to allow cleaning by hose and water; all along the walls benches, about eighteen or twenty-four inches off ground; good ventilation near top of ceiling—and therefore about as healthily arranged as they can be. Immense wire enclosures permit some of the dogs to be in the open air all day in case they are not taken out on the surrounding plain for exercise. The farm itself contains about 800 acres, and there is almost a small village of buildings, with cozy cottages for the manager and his assistants.

The Hempstead Farm makes a specialty also of raising hunters, no doubt a very good undertaking, Long Island being the stronghold of the cross timber and country riders. Long Island fences have set more than one imported huntsman a-thinking, coming to the conclusion that auld England's hedges and ditches were easier. Their stallion to breed hunters is the thoroughbred Macbeth, by Macaroon *ex* Jersey Belle, own sister to Spendthrift, and by mating to strong sound mares should prove a successful venture. Besides Macbeth there is Clearaway in the stud.

That repeated winner on this and the other side, imp. Buren, French coach stallion, imp. by Mr. E. D. Morgan, is at stud. There are a good many trotting-bred mares on the farm, and I saw a number of very businesslike-looking youngsters by General Withers and Aerolite. Beautiful herds of Jersey cattle, pens of thoroughbred black Berkshires and imp. Yorkshire swine, are there, and the next feature will be the raising of large flocks of sheep to break collies for work and hold practical trials. Very fine poultry is kept here also—black and white Langhams, white Cochins, bantams, royal Pekin ducks, and English pheasants.

An enclosed shed for exercising the horses, over a hundred box-stalls, a mile track, only one-quarter of a mile from the main line of the Long Island Railroad, and, in fact, so many little details, unnecessary to mention, but absolutely necessary for the place, it would take too much space to give due credit; but the whole in its systematic ingenuity and uniqueness is certainly a credit to its owner and his able manager—a combination which could not be otherwise than successful.

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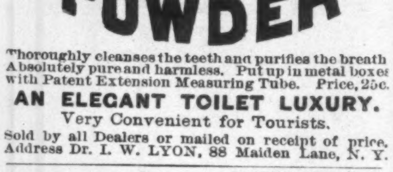

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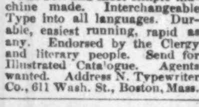

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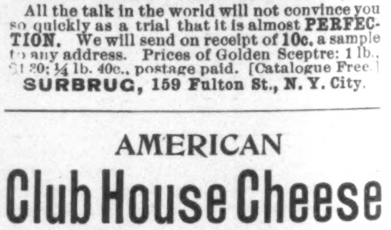

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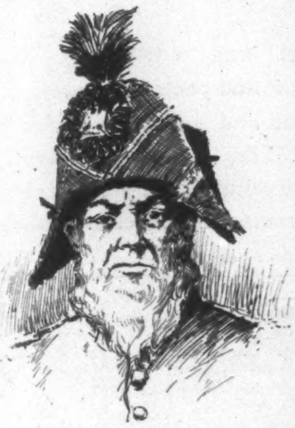
ANOTHER VETERAN GONE.

It is long ago since the "Treaty of Peace and Amity between Great Britain and the United States of America" was signed at Ghent, on December 24, 1814. And not until February 11th of the following year did the "great and joyful news" reach New York. Among those who rejoiced was a young man of nineteen, a corporal in the Eleventh (New York) Heavy Artillery. He had been on duty at Fort Gansevoort and upon the heights of Harlem, guarding McGowan's Pass. After this he had been stationed at the block-house in Central Park. A few days before the news of the treaty reached New York the young man had been honorably discharged from service, and, following the American example, he forthwith went into business. That was seventy-eight years ago, and the ex-corporal, who was Abram Dally, has just died.



To all New-Yorkers the figure, or at least the name, of "General" Abram Dally is familiar. The advancing years gained for him the honorary title, and upon national holidays the old man, attired in full uniform, would hoist the flag over the old block-house in Central Park, and also at the Battery. Whenever the flag was raised by the veteran he was escorted by the Washington Continental Guards, and the occasions were always pleasing and something apart from the busy life of the city. General Dally lived of late years with his grandson in Brooklyn, where he died on February 15th, nearly ninety-eight years of age. The United States government allowed him a pension of $8 per month.

AMATEVR · SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

SPEED SKATING.

As in all branches of athletics, a great deal of constant training is required to make a successful speed skater, and it is useless for any one to compete with the best men unless he can give a large part of each day to it. Harald Hagen, the professional champion of Europe, usually spends from four to six hours a day practising. He divides his time equally between the morning and afternoon. Each day at the start he skates about slowly for a mile or two to loosen his muscles. He then increases his pace gradually until he has gained a high speed, which he maintains for ten or fifteen miles, after which he gives himself a short rest. This consists in slowing down to an easy jog. After resting, he tries speeding again, but this time for short distances, sometimes half a mile, quarter-mile, or less, winding up finally with a dash of two hundred yards at his fastest gait. In going distances of a mile or longer he does not swing his arms, but holds them behind his back, clasping them loosely. For shorter distances he generally swings them backward and forward, keeping time with his strokes. In watching Hagen one is impressed most of all with his great length of stroke. He kicks out the rear foot with a jerk, and poises it in the air a moment before bringing it forward to strike.

Hagen's height is six feet one inch, and his weight when in training is about 170 pounds. His legs are very long and muscular, while his body above the hips is rather lightly built. He has a strong hearty appetite, and eats large quantities of meat. One of his special dishes is a preparation of extract of beef, which he spreads on his bread and eats with great relish. After each practice spin he is rubbed down thoroughly by a trainer, sometimes with liniments.

Hagen uses a skate made in Norway. The blade is made of steel, seventeen inches in length and one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, set in a hollow tube, which is fastened to a very thin plate by three hollow uprights. The whole is fastened to his shoe by several copper rivets. The shoes are made of the best calf-skin, without any sole or heel, and they are very strong and light. They are laced tight around the instep, and extend a little above the ankle. The weight of both skates and shoes is about two pounds and a half.

Hugh J. McCormick, the ex-champion of Canada, has a different style from Hagen. Instead of placing his hands behind his back, he swings them loosely from side to side, and he does not bend as far forward as Hagen. His strokes are shorter and quicker. This method of skating comes from skating in the small covered rinks of Canada.

McCormick is a very graceful skater, and moves along with an easy swing of his body. He is, like most Canadian skaters, very particular about being rubbed before and after a practice spin, and for a race he has a particularly thorough rubbing. His height is five feet ten inches, and he weighs 156 pounds when in training condition. His skates are wooden on the top, and are fastened to the shoes with straps. The blade is fifteen inches in length and one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, with a bevel of one-eighth of an inch at the top, to give as much strength as possible where the steel joins the wood. The blade is bored with eight holes about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, to give greater lightness to the skates without weakening them.

Fred Breen, who was defeated by Hagen at Minneapolis, skates in a style which resembles that of McCormick, except that he takes a somewhat longer and slower stroke. He is a Canadian also, and uses skates of the same pattern as those of McCormick. Breen's height is five feet nine and a half inches, and weight, in condition, about 165 pounds.

Norseng, the Norwegian amateur, uses a skate similar to the one used by Hagen. His style of skating is nearly identical with that of Hagen's, except that he does not have the strong kick by which Hagen forces himself forward. Norseng spends a great deal of time training, and has often said he would not think of starting in a race with less than a month's training and practice.

As for myself, all the training I undergo is to skate twice a day, if possible, usually taking a spin of ten or fifteen miles, and finishing up with a short dash. Then I return and have a shower-bath of lukewarm water, with a light rub afterward. I am not a believer in rubbing an athlete with all sorts of liniments. A person in good condition does not need any rubbing. I have often been in dressing-rooms at different skating contests where all the men were rubbed and carefully prepared, while I merely put on my skating clothes and was ready. After the race I dressed, put on dry under-clothing, and felt in no need of a rubbing. If I could have a bath at the hotel where I was quartered, I took advantage of it; but many of the hotels are more like barracks than anything else, and then I have to do without.

I usually eat what I please, except on the day of the race, when I avoid anything in the line of pastry. I do not use tobacco or liquor in any way, and never have much trouble in training myself, therefore. At the beginning of the season I weighed, dressed, 170 pounds, which is a little heavier than usual. My height is five feet ten inches.

The three most distinctive styles of skating are the Dutch, English, and modern racing style.

In Holland the skaters are divided into two classes—those of Friesland and those of South Holland. The method of the latter is known under the name of the "Dutch roll." On slightly curved blades the South-Hollander avoids the necessity of keeping an upright position or maintaining a straight course, and in easy and graceful curves he swings from side to side, riding on the outside edge, and leaning far over to one side or the other. He seems to put off striking the ice as long as it is possible to enjoy the roll, and then finally gives a short quick stroke backward, throwing himself on the outside edge of the other skate.

The Friesland style is more adapted to short-distance races. Klass Hanfe, the champion short-distance skater of Holland, dashes off, swinging his arms from side to side with great vigor, and bringing his skates down upon the ice with sudden jerks. In the quarter-mile race at Heerenveen, in 1891, Hanfe took 158 strides of only three yards one foot each. He uses the famous Friesland skate invariably. The blade is about fifteen inches in length, projecting well forward of the foot and curving high up in front. The blade does not run as far back as the end of the boot, but stops at the centre of the heel. It is set in a very light wood top, the whole being fastened to the foot by leather thongs. The inside edge of the blade is ground to an acute angle, which cuts the ice like a knife. The Frieslander can skate in his stocking feet, and I have seen boys skating along the canals in Holland holding a large wooden shoe under each arm.

The English or Fen style is confined to that district of England known as the Fens, a name given to a low and marshy territory filled with many small streams and canals. The Fen skater starts off very slowly, swinging his arms fore and aft, and keeping time with his strokes. He brings his foot forward and puts it down on the outside edge with the toe of the skate pointed in, and then thrusts it slowly forward. The general course of the stroke is a curve inward at the beginning, then a straight line for a short distance, ending with a sharp curve outward.

The English maintain that they follow a straight line better than any other skaters, but, although I have watched them pretty closely, I have failed to find this to be the fact. An English skate is similar in appearance to the Dutch just described. It is about the same length, with the high curve in front, but the blade is half an inch higher at the heel than at the toe. Their idea in this is to enable them to continue longer on their stroke.

The modern racing style of skating is being generally adopted all over the world. The skater starts off, swinging his arms till he has gained headway, then he places his hands behind his back and clasps them loosely. He then leans well forward, and bending low from the hips, brings his foot well up under him and thrusts it sharply forward, trying to follow a straight line as nearly as possible. At the end of the stroke he brings the other foot well up under him and repeats the movement. In distances under a mile the arms are called into play and are swung rapidly forward and backward, or sometimes from side to side. The skates now used by all of the fastest skaters are similar to those used by Hagen. JOSEPH F. DONOGHUE.

CALIFORNIA ATHLETICS.

EASTERN athletes have already had opportunities for measuring their strength against rivals from the Middle States, but similar chances have not been offered of determining by Eastern standards what is the calibre of the athlete of the Pacific slope. It is not unnatural, therefore, that little trust has been placed in stories of performances made under Californian eyes and watches. But I can say, from recent experience, that the average Eastern man sets his standard of the performances of athletes across the continent at far too low a mark, and when contests come about, as they are sure to sooner or later, there will be surprises in store for us all. Primarily, in the climate itself lies a great advantage for the athlete of the Western coast. He can, if his training be not of so severe a nature as to make it unwise, keep in condition from one year's end to the other, and, with only occasional exceptions, be sure of weather that will admit of almost daily exercise. An Eastern man at first misses that snap of cold in the air, that crispness and life, which seem to inspire our football men in November, but it is a decided question as to the value of that crispness in actual performances, and many believe—with good warrant, too—that not only a horse, but a man as well, can do more when there is no tingle of cold in the air. The stock that, in the horse line, is being bred at the Palo Alto farms, many believe, owes much to the climatic influences; and if this be true, the athlete on the Pacific slope will enjoy a similar advantage.

In making a journey through the charming ranches of the Santa Clara Valley one comes upon some fine specimens of physical development among not only the laborers but the proprietors of these favored farms. Perhaps the training of these robust fellows in the matter of food and drink would hardly accord with our notions of strictness, and certainly would not be advisable with men not accustomed to it, but it seemed to have no detrimental effect upon their physical condition. They drink the wines of the country with too great freedom. There were several instances where we had the opportunity of closely observing, and found the men of remarkable muscular development; nor were our observations of picked men only, but merely of the average. The boys brought up under such favoring conditions of out-door exercise not only for half the year, but really every day of the three hundred and sixty-five, will offer material for athletic development such as cannot be found in the East.

And the sports are by no means in their infancy. Track athletics, baseball, football, and boating are all receiving a fair share of attention, and records are being approached that will make the holders men well talked of when they journey East for competition. Henry, of the University of California, is a hurdler who will make our best flyers keep close to the timber; while Hunt and Clemans, the former from Berkeley and the latter from Palo Alto, would give Lake and Bliss plenty to do to keep them out of the half-back lines at either Cambridge or New Haven. Walton, of the Leland Stanford team, is a college catcher whose back-stop work and throwing to second we do not see bettered on any of our crack college nines. There is one man now taking part in athletics on the West coast whom we are likely to see in the East in the fall at some one of the colleges. His name is Porter, and he enjoyed some early football experience at Lehigh, but is now playing upon the Olympic Club team of San Francisco. He will probably go to Yale or Princeton, and we shall have a chance to see whether a Western player can make a place for himself. His present position is that of tackle, but he might make a good bid as a running half-back. These two universities, the University of California and the Leland Stanford, Jun., University, are the two great college rivals on the coast, but the athletic clubs, such as the Olympic of San Francisco, the Multonomah of Portland, and the Field Club of Seattle have made themselves pioneers in the work of establishing a foothold for all branches of sport. Felton Taylor, of the Olympic Club of San Francisco, is one of the most remarkably developed muscular types I have ever seen, while Captain Wood, of the Presidio, is one of those men whose unlimited powers of endurance we seldom meet with outside the ranks of professional teachers. Tobin, another Olympic Club man, is a beautiful drop-kicker, scoring from the 35 or 40 yard line.

Through the medium of graduates of the Eastern colleges an interest in the intercollegiate football game was first stimulated, for the Englishmen had already introduced Rugby along the coast. Mr. Howard, who played half-back on Billy Manning's famous Harvard team, was one of the first to stir the enthusiastic ones to take up the intercollegiate rules, and as he was a clever player both at Rugby and the American game, found little difficulty in teaching the new methods. Since that time the fact that there has been more or less steady connection between Eastern and Western football through the medium of Western men who were in the Eastern schools and colleges, and whose perennial returns from the scene of activity brought with it the newest ideas, has kept Western football fairly abreast of the times. This is true, however, in the matter of the tricks and strategy of the game rather than in the individual detail of position playing. The Western football-player understands the criss-cross, the tandem, the wedge direct, the flying wedge, the wedges along the line, and, in fact, is thoroughly posted upon the latest Eastern plays, but his execution of them lacks the precision that comes from making a study of what the duty of each man in the play should be. There is a rather confused idea of what the tackle should do, where the end should stand, what the quarter's play is after passing the ball, and no definite understanding upon a dozen other points of a similar nature. The tackling is not so clean and certain as in the final games of an Eastern season, but more like what is seen in the first days of practice upon the scrub side. All this comes from the fact that the development of trick plays has come too rapidly after the first introduction of the game, and the detail of individual position, which Eastern teams have spent years in acquiring, has had but little attention paid to it in the West. Such rapid progress has been made in other directions that the smaller points have been forgotten. On the other hand, the running is good, and the dodging and warding well brought out. Interference is not yet thorough, and the tendency to unfair use of the hand and arm altogether too marked. There are a few excellent kickers, but, like all our American teams, the number of men able to punt or drop-kick is a great deal less than it should be.

The University Club of San Francisco is the patron of all college sports, and has already established a series of annual contests between the two rival universities of the coast by the presentation of a trophy in the shape of a silver football of exactly regulation size. The Bohemian and Pacific Union clubs, although social rather than athletic, indulge for sweet charity's sake in an annual baseball match, and there is also a yearly feature in the shape of a Yale-Harvard baseball contest, which brings out not only the old graduates of these Eastern institutions, but an enthusiastic following. W. Greer Harrison, as president of the Olympic Club, has probably done more than any other individual toward furthering the interests and development of all legitimate sport, and he is to-day as great an enthusiast as one can meet.

As for the material one finds out of which to make athletes and players, it is fully up to the Eastern standard—in fact, in proportion to the population, a little above it. The men are willing, and, as a rule, "good stayers." They do not like cold weather, and are not at their best when an occasional cold day comes. For this reason it would be unfortunate for them if, upon the occasion of their meeting Eastern athletes, the weather should be like our autumn days. They would not be at their best. They stand long training well, and instances of men "going fine" are rare. They have not enjoyed the coaching that has been given our Eastern athletes, because their schools of training are not yet old enough to have warranted this, and their best men have drifted out of the interest too speedily to have been of great value. But there is a time coming, and that not far off, when the athlete of the Pacific slope will want to try his mettle in contests of all kinds with his Eastern brother, and whatever the result, the winner will, as the expression has it, "know that there has been a contest." WALTER CAMP.

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